CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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HE OBSTACLES WHICH HAVE RETARDED PROGRESS.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

London Correspondent has sent us the "*Morning* ...ld" of the 8th, from which we copy the following lecture of the late *Prime Minister of England.* It was delivered on Monday evening, November 13th, to an immense assembly, as the opening lecture of the season, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall.

We give it place in our columns, that the reader may judge for himself the *indications* of Progress, and learn "what manner of man" he is, who thus vindicates the past periods, present labors, and prospective moral and Spiritual freedom of the Progressionists of this and other countries. The lecture is interesting as an expression of the mind of Lord John Russell, rather than an elaboration of new or radical truth. Still they are worthy of thoughtful consideration, as they doubtless outline the *private* conceptions of the thinking minds of England to-day.

His Lordship, after an introduction, said:

I think you will not find it unuseful to throw somewhat of the light of past history upon the future, and we may find some guide to that future in looking back to the errors which have been committed not by barbarous nations—not in the dark ages—but by some of the greatest and most enlightened among mankind. I have undertaken to point out some at least of the obstacles which retard moral and political progress. The latest lecture in the course of 1854 was on "Opposition to great inventions and discoveries." Nor was abundant material wanting to such a theme. Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, and, at a later time, Harvey, and even Newton afforded pregnant instances of resistance to the diffusion of light. But if the obstacles to the progress of physical science are great, how much greater are those which impede moral and political advancement? Mathematical demonstration and physical experiment carry with them a certain irresistible force which pierces through the thickest barriers of prejudice and superstition. When Galileo showed, through his telescope, the satellites of Jupiter, it was difficult for the most obstinate pedant to deny the truth of his discovery. When Newton demonstrated, by a series of geometrical propositions, the doctrine of attraction, those who understood his reasoning could not long withhold their assent to his conclusion. But in respect to moral and political truth we have not, in the first place, the same certainty, and, in the second place, we have to contend against more than the pride of intellect, the tenacity of prejudice, and the force of habit; we have to contend against the jealousy of power, the empire of superstition, and the alarms of timidity. Not to argue this matter further, I will at once show you by an example what I mean. The best commentary on Newton's "Principia" is written by Jacquier and Le Sueur, two members of the Society of Jesus. This commentary is so simple and complete that it enables a person who has but an imperfect knowledge of mathematics to comprehend and master the sublime discoveries of Newton. There was, however, a strong objection to the publication of this commentary. The Pope had, by his decrees, forbidden any one to maintain the doctrine of the motion of the earth. The learned Jesuits disposed of this difficulty very easily. They prefixed a notice to this part of the work, declaring that they bowed with implicit submission to the decision of the Pope that the sun moved round the earth, but that they had been incited by curiosity to show what would have been the case had it been a truth, instead of a fiction, that the earth moved round the sun. The world laughed and learnt, the Holy See was satisfied and silent. Now, let us imagine that these erudite Jesuits, instead of physical theories, had turned their minds to religion, and had examined, while bowing to the decrees of the Council of Trent, what would have been the result had the bible been the only rule of faith, and all reference to tradition and the authority of the Church had been set aside. It is evident that censure, penance, and expulsion, if not worse punishment, would have been the result.

Besides the proper functions of government it has been pretended it is their right and duty to prescribe the rule of religious faith, and to draw a circle beyond which it shall not be lawful to move. I propose to show you, first, the argument on which this pretension is based; secondly, its hollowness; and thirdly, the evils which this unhappy mistake has caused. A great master of morality and of reason, a pious and virtuous Christian—I mean Dr. Johnson—after speaking of the duty of parents towards their children, says, "Now the vulgar are the children of the State. If any one attempts to teach them doctrines contrary to what the State approves, the magistrate may and ought to restrain him." On another occasion Boswell relates the following conversation. The speakers are Dr. Johnson and Dr. Mayo:—I introduced the subject of toleration. Johnson: "Every society has a right to preserve public peace and order, and therefore has a good right to prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency. To say the magistrate has this right, is using an inadequate word; it is the society for which the magistrate is agent. He may be morally or theologically wrong in restraining the propagation of opinions which he thinks dangerous, but he is politically right." Mayo: "I am of opinion, sir, that every man is entitled to liberty of conscience in religion; and that the magistrate cannot restrain that right." Johnson: "I agree with you. Every man has a right to liberty of conscience, and with that the magistrate cannot interfere. People confound liberty of thinking with liberty of talking; nay, with liberty of preaching. Every man has a physical right to think as he pleases; for it cannot be discovered how he thinks. He has not a moral right, for he ought to inform himself, and think justly. But, sir, no member of a society has a right to teach any doctrine contrary to what the society holds to be true. The magistrate, I say, may be wrong in what he thinks; but while he thinks himself right, he may and ought to enforce what he thinks." Mayo: "Then, sir, we are to remain always in error, and truth never can prevail; and the magistrate was right in persecuting the first Christians." Johnson: "Sir, the only method by which religious truths can be established is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks; and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth but by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other." Such was the conclusion to which a man of powerful understanding and extensive learning was driven by resting his opinion on false principles. There are two of those principles involved in the discourse I have quoted. The first is that a man is at liberty to hold an opinion in his own mind, but not to communicate it to others. It were easy to show that such a doctrine fully established must prevent all moral and political progress. Indeed I might go further, and say that even progress in physical science would be arrested, if the magistrate were, in the name of society, to stop all diffusion of such opinions as were considered by him adverse to religion. The opinion of Galileo—that the earth moved—was condemned, not as contrary to physical science, but as opposed to revealed doctrine. The opinions of the geologists were, at the commencement of this century, denounced as at variance with the narrative of Holy Writ. Is every man who has made a physical discovery to ask the civil magistrate whether his demonstration is at variance with some ignorant interpretation of the scriptures, before he ventures to publish it to the world? But, to meet the objection in front, is he who deems more highly of his God than the emperor or high priest of his day, to hide his light under a bushel, because the civil or ecclesiastical ruler does not like to be disturbed? Were the early Christians not to tell their brothers, their wives, their husbands, their children, to forsake idolatry and worship only one true God? Were the Christian martyrs rightly amenable to the penalties of the criminal law? Again, was Luther, after being convinced that indulgences and the other abuses of the Roman Catholic church were founded on perversions of the Christian religion, not to lift up his voice and proclaim his conviction? Was the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley the just punishment of a crime against society? These questions must have pressed on the logical mind of Dr. Johnson, and accordingly they forced him to change his ground. But what is the conclusion at which he arrives? "The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks, and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth but by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other." Why not? Why not permit the free circulation of truth and error—leave to truth its all-sufficient armor, and to error its own stratagems and delusions—leave argument to be met by argument, assertion by inquiry? If the just cause suffer for a time, if human credulity embraces error with ardor, and is cold as ice to truth, we may yet rely that the light of free discussion will in time disperse the mist of false opinions, that, however slow the process, the test of free examination will in time separate the dross from the genuine ore. Here, in fact, is the turning point of the whole question. Dr. Johnson and others contend that governments have the right and duty to control their subjects, as parents control children. The friends of religious liberty contend that governments have no such right, and have no special capacity to fit them for the task. A Roman historian speaks of the rare felicity of his time, when a man was allowed to think as he chose, and speak as he thought. This rare felicity is the common birthright of mankind. It is the source of all knowledge—the privilege which elevates the nature of man; one of the most precious of the gifts of God:—

> "What is a man
> If his chief good, and market of his time,
> Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast no more.
> Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused."

The exercise of the faculties of the human mind they contend is the first step to the discovery of truth. The highest object upon which the mind when once raised and disciplined, and strengthened by instruction fixes its attention, is religion. What we are to believe of God, what we are required to to do in obedience to His will, engages the most earnest thoughts of good and wise men. Milton and Locke are great examples of this. But we have higher authority for the exercise of the right of teaching than any mere human dictum. When Peter and John were commanded "Not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus," they answered and said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Again, when they were threatened a second time, and asked by the high priest, "Did not we strictly command you that ye should not teach in this name?" They answered simply, but steadfastly, "We ought to obey God rather than men." Now, if this conduct of Peter and John was right in the sight of God, it follows that no man ought to be punished for publishing his religious convictions. For it is impossible that men can have a right to do certain things, and avow certain opinions, and that other men their rulers, can have a right to punish them for these same actions and avowals. If a man, convinced of the truth of his own belief, has a right to propogate that belief, a sovereign or magistrate can have no right to punish him for it. For this were to admit two contradictory rights, two repugnant duties, in violation of all our notions of divine and human justice. It is contended, however, that the public peace is only to be preserved by repelling the intrusions of fanaticism, by repressing the disturbances, by which innovations in religion are always attended. This is the pretence of those craftsmen who wish to maintain inviolate the profits of their own silver shrines. Let us see how far history sanctions this pretence. Without recurring to the well-known example of the trial and punishment of Socrates, let us observe the exercise of this right in four memorable instances. The first I shall take is the punishment of the early Christians; the next is the persecution of the reformers in the Low Countries; the third, the religious wars in France; the fourth, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To begin with the Roman Emperors. I will not quote the example of Nero or Domitian, but refer to the wise Trajan, and his Minister, the enlightened Pliny. We possess the correspondence of Pliny with Trajan during the time that Pliny was Proprætor in Bithynia. In this curious correspondence we find traces of the provident care with which a Roman governor watched over the public peace, adorned the buildings of the chief towns, and guarded the health of the community entrusted to his charge. For instance, as a true sanitary reformer, he reports to the emperor that an open space, near a town, has a stream running through it, which is called a river, but which is, in fact, a sewer—filthy to the sight and pestilential to the smell. He asks the emperor's permission to have this stream covered, engaging to find the money for the purpose, and immediately obtains the necessary authority. Among other public and private concerns on which he writes, he touches upon the progress made by the Christians. He complains that the temples are nearly deserted, that animals for sacrifice find no purchasers, and that the number of Christians is daily increasing. He interrogates some who had belonged to that community, and who had left it at various periods from two to twenty years before. These persons readily worshiped the image of the emperor, and cursed the name of Christ. Examined as to the nature of their former religion, they said that all they had done was to meet on stated days, before daylight, and sing hymns to Christ, as to God; that they bound themselves by an oath (sacramento) not to commit theft or adultery, to keep faith with their neighbors, and to restore goods deposited with them to their right owners; that after this they separated, and met again to take food together, in common, but without any evil intent. This account, from men who had obeyed the orders of the emperor to desist from attending Christian meetings, and who were therefore disinterested, might, one should have thought, induced so benevolent an emperor as Trajan, and so enlightened a governor as Pliny, to leave undisturbed the followers of Christ. But it was not so. Pliny seems, indeed, to have doubted whether the name of Christian, apart from any crime, was to be punished. He continues, however, his report to the emperor in these words—"In the meantime, with regard to those who were brought before me as Christians, I followed this method. I asksd them whether they were Christians; to those who confessed themselves to be so, I put the question a second, and a third time, threatening them with punishment; those who persevered I ordered to be led out to execution. Trajan approves of these proceedings, and only desires that the Christians who were not brought before the governor should not be brought out. I need not relate to you what fearful martyrdoms, what cruel massacres followed the adoption of the principle of persecution. Far from preserving the public peace, the system of punishing Christians convulsed the empire, and was so far from being successful, that it finally terminated in the establishment of Christianity. I wish I could add that Pagans were not in their turn the victims of persecution. The learned Dean of St. Paul's, agreeing in this respect with other historians, places the first edicts sanctioning the punishment of heretic Christians in the reign of Theodosious the Great. I do not propose, however, to follow the history of the various persecutions of heretics in Christian times. I wish to make a transition at once to the persecution of the Protestants in the Low Countries, and to call your attention to a remarkable passage of Grotius on this subject. Speaking of the intolerant laws promulgated in that country, he says: "These laws, dictated by a disposition not usually cruel, had their origin in a religion impatient of dissent. For religion, which ought to be the means of softening and uniting the minds of men, has become, through the fault of human infirmity, a most bitter source of hatred. For it was at that time the conviction of many princes that the commonwealth should be animated by one religion as by a soul, and that the best way to constitute laws for Spiritual as well as for temporal matters was to give no choice to the multitude. Hence the emperor was the more easily persuaded after the example of Germany, that if the presence for prints was destroyed his own authority would no longer be obeyed, and that a poison which drew its vigor from himself might in a short time be subdued by punishment. But the event was contrary to his imputation, for though many perished, more succeeded in their places. For these things that we do to please the body, are subject to fine and to authority from the fear of death and of torture; but the soul as it is by its nature free and immortal, if it has embraced eagerly an opinion, it cannot be subdued by fire or by sword; for dangers themselves invite to resistance, and it is accounted blessed and glorious to suffer cruel and abhorred punishments with a conscience void of sin. Proofs of this fact are to be found in the early history of the Christians, and in these times. For after the capital execution of not less than one hundred thousand persons, in order to try whether this fire would be extinguished in a deluge of blood, such multitudes rose in Belgium that public punishments were interrupted by riot and sedition as often as a famous criminal was to be executed, or a torture more painful than usual was to be inflicted." Such is the observation of the Protestant Grotius. Let us now hear the sentiment of an enlightened Roman Catholic, De Thou, President of the Parliament of France. Speaking of his own country, and his own time, he says:—"We have been sufficiently taught by experience that fire and sword, banishment and proscriptions, have irritated rather than cured a disease inherent in the mind. For such a cure it is necessary not to use remedies which only affect the body, but to apply those which, by doctrine and careful teaching, are gently instilled into the mind. All other matters are ordered by the discretion of the civil magistrates, and therefore of the princes. Religion alone is not commanded, but is infused into minds well prepared by an opinion of its truth, with the assistance of Divine grace. Punishments are of no efficacy in producing this conviction; they rather harden and confirm than break or persuade the mind. What the stoics said so proudly of their philosophy, we may much more truly say of religion. For when a man is acted upon by religion, trouble and pain are of no moment to him; and any other kind of grief is cast at his feet by the virtue which is derived from that opinion which he has imbibed. Nothing he can have to bear disturbs him. He complains not of being subject to anything that may befal a human being. He knows his own force, and while he thinks himself trusting in the grace of God, he believes that he shall be equal to the burden that is cast upon him. The executioner may stand before him; the minister of torture may prepare his instruments and his fire, he will still persevere; nor will he consider what he is to suffer, but what it behoves him to do. For his happiness is in his own breast; and if anything touches him from without it appears to him light, and to reach no further than his outward skin. It is worth our while to listen to what one of these men said and did. When he was tied to the stake, in order to be burnt by fire, he went down on his knees, and began to sing a hymn, which the smoke and fire scarcely interrupted, and when the executioner began to light the fire behind his back that he might not be seen, the sufferer cried out, 'Come here and light the fire before my eyes. Had I feared it I never should have come to this place, which I might have avoided.' Thus, the zeal of those who labor to introduce novelties in religion is not to be repressed by punishment, but, on the contrary, minds become more obstinate, whether to suffer or to cure. For when, from the ashes of some, others are raised, and the number has increased, patience is converted into fury; nor have we to deal as before with suppliants, but with remonstrants and opposers, and those who before fled from punishment now appeared in arms. We have seen this course of events for forty whole years in France—for somewhat less time in the Low Countries; and the matter has reached that point, that not by the punishment of this or that person, as it might have been at the beginning, can this be restrained, lest it should spread farther; but when it has pervaded entire communities and whole nations, and thus reached the greatest part of Europe, we have need, not of the sword of the magistrate, but of the weapon of the Lord. For those who cannot be forced ought to be taught and ought to be invited to meetings and to friendly assemblies." I come to the fourth and last instance of persecutions, which, like the former, regards France. After a long period of the so-called religious war, Henry IV., in concert with his wise minister, Sully, by the edict of Nantes, established concord between the two religions, by leaving Roman Catholics and Protestants in possession of all that they held. Peace for a long time prevailed. But Louis XIV., tormented by his confessor for the notorious profligacy of his life, resolved to atone for his sins by punishing the innocent and loyal Protestants of his dominions. Two schemes were proposed for his adoption; the one, recommended by the Jesuit La Chaise, aimed at nominal conversions, with a view to make good Roman Catholics of the children; the other, favored by the Jansenists, looked to real and effectual turning of the heart and mind to the Roman Catholic faith. Between the two, however, interposed Louvois, Minister of War. Jealous of the influence which might be acquired during peace by other ministers, he undertook the conversion of the Protestants as a business of his own department. The steps he took, consigned as they are to everlasting infamy, under the name of the dragonnades, were of this nature:—Troops of dragoons, sometimes accompanied by infantry and artillery, were sent into the provinces in which the Protestants abounded; they were quartered in the houses of the Protestants, especially of the rich of that communion, till they abandoned their faith; the troops were then removed to another district. If the Protestants attempted to assemble for public worship they were charged, dispersed, and killed by the dragoons. The consequences were what might have been expected. Many nominal conversions were made; in one district more than 100,000 in a fortnight, but nearly all relapsed. They then remained excluded from the rights of marriage, their children declared illegitimate, and they themselves, a million of subjects, placed out of the pale of the law. The discontent, the confusion, and the misery were beyond expression. So far, then, is it from being true that restrictions placed upon religious freedom have preserved the peace and order of society, the facts are all the other way. The persecution of the early Christians, the massacres of the early reformers, the violences committed against the Huguenots of France, have rent society to its foundation, and peace has only been established when the persecutor refrained from his unholy task, and liberty of conscience was proclaimed. I might illustrate these facts by the persecutions which took place at Holland at the peace which succeeded, when religious liberty was proclaimed in that country, which Sir William Temple tells us was the first of all the countries of Europe. I might allude to what took place in our own country—to the persecutions which took place in the days of Charles the Second—the Act of Toleration, the attempt to revive persecution towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, and the peace which has prevailed since the accession when religious liberty has been made a part not only of the law but of the established practice of this country. [Cheers.] Nor should I forget that, in the United States of America, where religious persecution has for many years been unknown, where indeed it only took place for a short time after the pilgrim fathers arrived in America, we have the authority of Lord Carlisle for saying that it is a happy and a pleasant thing to witness the peace and harmony that prevails. [Hear, hear, hear.] I have spoken to you of the impediments which are interposed in the way of moral and political progress from a misconception of the duties of government. I might give you many other instances in which governments have mistaken and overpassed their limits There is one to which I will but slightly allude, because within a few years it has been a matter of political controversy in this country. Nothing seems a more natural right of man, or a right that may be more harmlessly allowed, than that of exchanging the products of his industry against the products of the industry of other men, yet one of the wisest of the French ministers, Colbert, inspired by what was then thought true political sagacity, finding that the people of France were exchanging their wines for the hardware and other manufactures of Holland, prohibited the admission of those products, and thereby starved a great part of the people of France. Happily, in later times we have been wiser, but this is one of the subjects upon which governments have overstepped their limits, and in pretending to be wiser than their subjects, have only retarded the progress of moral and political improvement [loud cheers.] I am very far from having exhausted the subject of the obstacles placed by governments to moral and political progress. But, having given this example of the evil done by authority, I will pass to another part of this great question, and consider how far, at the present day, the people themselves obstruct improvements. We have now arrived at that freedom of discussion, that religious liberty, which good men sighed for, which Milton eloquently demanded, and Locke established by argument. In certain countries, in Great Britain, in France, in the United States of America, the human conscience is no longer shackled by governments or by laws. Have we, then, removed all obstacles to moral and political progress? A few references to the state of our own country will show that much remains to be done in this respect. 1. Apart from all statistical results, observations must lead us to the conclusion that among laborers and workmen the vice of intemperance is one of the most common, and the most hurtful. 2. The want of education, as proved by the returns of inspectors, of chaplains of gaols, is such that a great portion of our people are ignorant of the simplest elements of religion, and the most common rudiments of learning. 3. While such are the prominent vices and defects of the poor, vices and defects of a different kind, but no less offensive to morality, are found among the rich. Sensuality and excess, selfishness, evil speaking, want of charity and kindness, abound. All these are obstacles to moral and philosophical progress. Upon what can we rely to counteract them? Upon the force of civilization? Twice has its power been tried, and found wanting. In the days of Augustus Cæsar, when order had been established, and prosperity revived—when Virgil and Horace flourished at Rome, and the vast provinces were blest with peace and tranquillity, everything seemed to promise a long duration of happiness. But the Christian apostle and the Pagan satirist alike prove all was hollow and delusive. Vice increased, knowledge decayed, power vanished, and soon everything portended the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Again, in the eighteenth century of our era, civilization had reached a very high point; that century, enlightened above all its predecessors, which enjoyed the literature of the age of Louis XIV. in France, and of Queen Anne in England—when Racine, Moliere, Boileau, La Fontaine, Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Swift were read and admired, when Newton's philosophy was established, when Lovoisier, and Black, and Cavendish, had advanced chemistry to a science, and Watt had by his improvement of the steam-engine rivalled the invention of the printing-press, seemed in its course tending to the happiness of nations. But before that century ended, revolutions tearing up the foundations of society, wars desolating all the nations of Europe, bore sad testimony to the mistake that had been made. What was that mistake? The nature of man is so prone to evil that strong restraint is required to keep down his bad passions, and subdue his vicious inclinations. He requires likewise some special incentive to good. The legislators of antiquity sought that restraint upon evil, and that incentive to good, in powerful institutions, guarded by sanctity of manners. It was thus that Sparta and Rome were led to virtue. But these institutions perished when manners no longer supported them. The institution of monasteries had its origin in a similar feeling of the necessity of restraint. Historians, especially the historians of Spain, who have related the pious intentions of the founders of these institutions, have related how one order after another grew corrupt, and a severer rule was instituted by some more austere reformer, to give way in its turn to the evil inclinations, jealousies, and weaknesses of human nature. There are rules, however, not artificial, not founded on any prescribed form of society, or in isolation from all society, which are sufficient, if observed, to guide mankind. These are the rules of Christian morality laid down by Christ himself. They give each man liberty, but place on each man a restraint. They do not begin as human laws and institutions must do, with outward actions, but go to the source of affections and of passions—the human heart. It is then to Christian principles, Christian morals, and a Christian spirit that we must look for a better and higher civilization than any that has been attained. If it is vain to expect either from the decrees of authority or from free discussion, conformity of opinion in the interpretation of scripture between different communities of Christians, it is not too much to hope for conformity in good works, conformity in a spirit of kindness. There have been great signs of this spirit of late years. Numbers of men in all stations of life devote themselves to the diffusion of religion, the promotion of education, and all the operations of charity. For, if temptation takes many shapes, and if the pilgrim's progress is impeded by giants and by pitfalls, yet the spirit of charity has, on the other side, many forms. She places the Bible in the hands of the young child to teach him the way he is to go. She gives a cup of water to the weary traveller, who is faint with the labor he has undergone. She watches by the bed of the wounded soldier, binds his wounds with a gentle hand, and tenders the nourishment he is able to bear. She watches over the decline of age, and finally points to the reward of a faithful pilgrimage on earth. There is another consideration. Before many years are passed, there will be in Great Britain and the United States of America, sixty, seventy, or eighty millions of free people. May we not hope that these kindred nations—each speaking the English language—each deriving its pedigree of liberty from a common ancestry—each inheriting the English Bible—each reading Shakspeare and Milton—each divided into many denominations of Christians, but each allowing complete liberty of worship—will unite in the glorious task of peaceful conquest and bloodless victory. [Loud cheers.] At least let us indulge in this high hope. If we do not arrive at, or even approximate to, perfection, we may look at least to uninterrupted progress towards a far better social organization than any we have yet enjoyed. [Hear, hear, hear.] I have spoken to you of those times of civilization, when either the Christian religion was unknown, or being known, it was contemned, cast aside, and neglected. Let us hope that there is a period arriving when we may see realised those beautiful and powerful words of a great poet:—

> "Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
> To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
> Is reason to the soul; and, as on high
> Those glimmering lights discover but the sky—
> Not lights us higher—so reason's feeble ray
> But guides us upwards to a better day;
> And, as those nightly tapers disappear
> When day's bright lord ascends the hemisphere,
> So pale grows reason in religion's light—
> So sinks and so dissolves in supernatural light."

To each one of us—to you young men of the United Kingdom more especially—belongs a portion of the noble task of speeding our country on her great and glorious way, by walking steadfastly in the full light of such truths as we already possess, and by hastening the noonday brightness of such as are only dawning. Let it not be the reproach of any one of us that, born in a land where the laws acknowledge that thought and speech are free, we have yet ever lent the helping hand of custom, folly, or intolerance to extinguish one spark of that divine flame which we call the soul, or ever turned away from a righteous and peaceable endeavor to loosen the fetters that still bind it throughout the world. Some there are who shut their eyes to one truth lest it should impair another more sacred in their eyes. But one truth can no more quench another truth than one sunbeam can quench another sunbeam. Truth is one as God is one. Go forward to meet her in whatever garb, welcome her from whatever quarter she comes, till at last, beyond the grave, you shall hail her in a blaze of glory which mortal eye can only strain in vain to contemplate. Truth is the gem for which the wise man digs the earth, the pearl for which he dives into the ocean, the star for which he climbs the heavens—the herald and the guardian of moral and political progress. [Cheers.] You have many dangers to encounter. Of these I will only mention two. One is the danger of allowing the flowing waters of Christianity to be embittered by the gall of sectarian and polemical controversy. Your chances of achieving good would be destroyed by such an error. Another danger is that which has attended so many noble attempts, so many great institutions, so many pious undertakings. The first ardor of zeal abates; difficulties, which at first were mole-hills, grow into mountains, enthusiasm subsides into apathy. Avoid these errors; go on improving; faint not in a good and great work; the blessing of God will reward your enterprise.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1855.

OUR WORK IS NOT THEOLOGICAL.

Doubtless it has occurred to the readers of the *Christian Spiritualist* ere this, that its Editor had some *notions* of his own, as he has on more than one occasion, *hinted* that such was the fact. Others there are, however, who, if they read such intimations, fail to recognize the fact, and in the plenitude of their good nature, send, or bring us in *propria persona*, such counsel or advice as they think suited to the case in hand.

They are of the opinion that if we would teach, *explain*, and vindicate the "Sonship of Christ," or "the Atonement," the circulation of the paper would be enlarged ever *so many* thousands—Spiritual heresies would cease to *wear* such *brazen* fronts—souls would be saved from sin, and in a short time society would be regenerated.

Now this may be or may *not* be so, but with all due respects to these friends and their *many* opinions, none of these subjects can be made of special importance in the columns of this paper, for many obvious and good reasons, not the least of which is the *matter-of-fact-one*, that our own sympathies do not lie in that direction.

But even if they were, there is no good reason why the *Christian Spiritualist* should be made the medium of theological speculations and controversial issues, as there are many ably-conducted papers especially devoted to these and kindred subjects. Besides, it is nearly time to inform the world there is a *practical* and *life*-side to Christianity as well as a metaphysical and a theological, and to insist on the development of the same, in order to *test* the value of Christ's teachings.

Our work, however, does not admit of making even *this* desirable reform a *speciality*, because the paper is devoted to explaining the facts, and elaborating the philosophy of Spirit intercourse, angel ministration and guardianship, and the several relations they sustain to the general economy of God.

Spiritualism, therefore, is but another name for the *actual* and *practical* in the Bible and Nature, as it recognizes and seeks to harmonize every plane of human development, with the great *law* of order and wisdom, which every where characterizes the providence of God. This may or may *not* be a new thing under the sun, but it is a very desirable thing, since it promises to give some kind of consistency to the logic of theology, and in time *moderate*, if not harmonize the conflicting claims of the many dogmas now popular in Christendom.

The *method* by which this desired and acknowledged *good* is to be obtained, is not in dogmatically asserting this truth or in enforcing that belief, but on points where there is an *honest* difference of opinion, and where human sagacity has *failed* to make differences tolerant and friendly, to wait on the teachings of experience and the suggestions of culture. This was *good sense* before the advent of Spiritualism, but now it is the highest wisdom, for we learn that beside the teachings of experience and the many phases of culture, which the soul gathers in a life time, that we are constantly subject to Spirit influx and angel ministration, the one because of the other, and both, because we need this kind of *aid* to emancipate us from our partial crude and angular notions, that have so long caused man to war with his fellow.

The proof of this may not appear *objectively* in a few years, nor may it visibly affect society in many, but it may and does come hour by hour, and day by day to man, woman, and child conditioned for its reception. Naturally and honestly enough, the theologically educated may *doubt* all this, and think we spend our time idly, and give our money for that which is *not* bread, but until they know *our thoughts*, and are in some degree prepared to understand our experiences, they only darken counsel by denying to us a moderate share of that Sense, their *own* possession of which they never seem to doubt.

In illustration of these reflections, we extract the following from a long letter sent us by a lady, the more, as it is a good *sample* of the many suggestions made to us for the improvement of Spiritualism and the education of the race. She says:

"I would like to call your attention to St. Paul's message to the Galatians, 1st, 8th. "For though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you, than that we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." In the verses in connection with this, Paul is contending for the doctrine of the atonement, and salvation by the blood, and righteousness of Christ, his great theme, which he advocates in all his epistles. See Romans 3d, 4th and 5th chapts. Now Dr. Hare's Spirit theology is the same the Spirits have taught to others, and is essentially different from St. Paul's teaching. In the Spirit's doctrine, no mention is made of the atonement, or of Christ having anything to do with our eternal well being. St. Paul does not merely allude to Jesus, as a perfect pattern or example for us, but as a Savior from sin and its consequences, and also as the means whereby we are to be raised from the dead to a life of immortality. I have not learned that the Spirits have ever taught the doctrine of the resurrection or of the atonement. I admit that the *new philosophy* may comfort in *some things* with a kind of christian philosophy, which is preached perhaps too much, and by some professing Christians who also "*maintain good works*." But I feel like being careful when alluding to Unitarians, believing that many of them are *experimental Christians*, and full of benevolence and charity. I once heard Dr. Bellows preach on "the Inward Life," in a manner that I could wish every person to hear it, and to my ideas far exceeding anything I have seen or heard emanating from Spiritualists. But salvation by Christ is Paul's doctrine, and I wish it were that of every teacher. I think, Sir, instead of organizing circles for the winter in your rooms, if you would establish *Bible classes*, you would all be much more likely to get *reliable* instruction, than you will from Spirit communications."

Had we the room, there is much in this extract worthy of remark, as it brings to mind the nature, and invites comment on the practical value of those theological issues, which have been so many war cries in the conflict of the ages. But we have not, and therefore let them pass.

It should be borne in mind, however, that Spiritualism is not to be *identified* with the theology of Prof. Hare or Dr. Bellows, nor with the teachings of any other person, for Spiritualism in its full and comprehensive meaning is the *absolute* and *infallible* gospel of the All-Father, the revealing and unfolding of which belongs to Him, and the development of the Ages.

So far, however, as either of these gentlemen can direct the inquiring mind, or interpret for it the mode and manifestation of God's government, so far is their mediation commendable and are their labors desirable, for they stimulate thought in suggesting *method*, and encourage and energize the Spirit by pointing out the sought for information. For this end was the Bible given—for this purpose Jesus lived and died. And for the same purpose Circles are formed, mediums entranced, manifestations developed, and immortality brought to light.

Whether, therefore, it were more profitable to form "*Bible classes*" than Circles, when there is no need of the one ignoring, much less *antagonizing* the other, judge you; you, who know how much you are indebted to the Bible for the light it sheds on the marvels of Spirit manifestations, soul intercourse, and angel ministration. Judge you, who know the value of the Bible, and know how much you are indebted to the facts and revelation of Spiritualism, for the light they shed and the aid they give in explaining the facts, and elaborating the narrative of the Bible history. And let *each* one judge for himself, of the propriety of making *issue* with his fellow, when all are ministering to the *necessities* of saints, and are therefore, ministering angels in the economy of God.

SPIRITISM AND PROGRESS AMONG THE GERMANS.

The characteristics of the mind, as well as its culture, for the past half century, has fitly qualified the speculative, mystic-loving spirit of the German for the advent of Spiritualism. Indeed, we know of no people who are better prepared to meet the issues of a liberal theology, nor one *more in need* of a constructive and Spiritual faith, than the widely scattered children of the "Fatherland."

Had we the time or room, much might be said on this subject to interest, if not instruct the reader; but we wish at present to call his attention to, and if possible interest his sympathies in behalf of an effort which is now being made, to spread the gospel of Spiritualism among the Germans.

It will be unnecessary, however, to formally introduce our friend, Mr. Shlarbaum, as the appeal he published in the *Spiritualist*, not many weeks since, in which he asked for aid to, and supplicated the means, by which the *glad tidings of Spirit intercourse* might be distributed among his countrymen, must be fresh in the memory of the reader.

His efforts thus far, however, have little more than aroused the attention of a few thinking minds among his countrymen, for the German papers published in this country have so thoroughly and repeatedly copied the caricatures and misrepresentations of our *secular* press, that the German mind is strongly prepossessed by prejudice at the present time. The cause, however, is progressing among the Germans, because the *Spirits* are active, and manifest themselves in such a way as to make progress *sure*, though it may be slow.

The following is part of a letter, written by an intelligent and thoughtful man to Mr. Shlarbaum. The writer resides in Cincinnati, and was for a time the editor of a German paper in that city. He is now entirely devoted to Spiritualism, and thinks the publication of a book or paper in the German language, of the *first importance*, and as absolutely necessary, if Spiritualism is to spread among that people.

It is unnecessary to elaborate his views, however, as the following translation of his letter will explain them. After expressing a desire to know and co-operate with Mr. Shlarbaum in disseminating the "glorious truths of Spiritualism," he says:

"Although there are here, among our German people, many very able and brave men, who openly stand to the cause, yet many of them are deficient for the time being, in the proper appreciation of it, lacking the enthusiasm necessary to act upon and succeed with the masses. So much have we gained here, that an ardent desire is manifest everywhere to become acquainted with the new doctrine. In proof of this, I may mention that I have been requested by the directors of the German Institute, (late Freemason's Hall,) to lecture on Sunday next, on Spiritualism, and a very large assembly is expected. I hope to give such interest to my hearers as to interest them in a second and third lecture. The ball, once in motion, is not likely to stop again, and we may safely expect that very soon many of those will speak out their opinion, who had not the moral courage to avow it before. By my resignation as Editor of the *Volksblatt*, I have time now to come in close connection with the Spiritualists, and I warrant you that it shall not be my fault if the doctrine does not make good progress among our countrymen.

"The German Spiritualists of this city are headed by Mr. Sroth and lady. Both are gifted with very warm hearts, possessing the most amiable qualities. They have a circle with Dr. Hardenstein and lady, Mr. Hassanverk (Editor of the *Hostewachter*) and lady, Mr. Quin (lawyer) and lady, and Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Hassanverk being absent just now on business, left his editorial duties for the time being to Mr. Bysoblay, formerly of the *Indiana Free Press*. This latter gentleman, not knowing Mr. H.'s views on Spiritualism, thought fit to go against it, at least in the first of his issues. He is a very respectable man, whose ideas have greatly changed since I had several interviews with him. I hope to make him a good Spiritualist. Dr. Rapp, a very quiet and exceedingly able man, who enjoys the greatest esteem here, on investigation turned out a rapping medium himself, and he is reported to be very powerful. However, we must not expect too much from the number of our German medical men here; their business is to make money, and absorbs all their time and interest. A young German, of the name of Schaffelt, proprietor of a grocery, is known as a very powerful medium—rapping, writing, speaking and seeing. From several reliable witnesses I learn that he made to dance about in the room, about a dozen chairs, some tables, &c., &c. All those outward manifestations have partly lost their interest, at least for me, for I have seen enough to be thoroughly convinced; but for the masses, they are indispensable, for the sake of acting on their undeveloped senses. Did you learn that the Spiritualists of this city have fitted up a Spirit-room, like that in Athens Co., Ohio? A friend, who called during the writing of this letter, informs me that they have had several manifestations already, and more have been promised. Dr. Mead has started a new paper on Spiritualism here. Many German Spiritualists share the opinion that a book containing the history and real principles of Spiritualism, together with instructions how to form circles, and how to account for contradictions; to be written in German, and in a very popular style, and sold for a very low price, nearly free of charge, is highly needful, and would do the greatest good. Such a book is necessary to raise the attention of the Germans, as the enthusiasm awakened would be likely to sustain a regular German Spiritualistic paper afterward. Lectures can only answer in the large cities of the Union, and would hardly do as much good as their expenses would amount to. The cry of the masses will always be for *books* and *papers*. As soon as such exist, the doctrine will spread in Europe; for, until now, the whole subject is nearly a "*terra incognita*" there. I expect solely from Spiritualism the healing of the many evils in humanity. It will overthrow all obstacles, and must result in purifying and elevating the race. In my lecture I will take occasion to censure the press on its withholding of the most important mental movement that ever existed. Instead of investigating and stating the facts, most Editors fill their papers with all kinds of robbery stories, and with vulgar personalities. The present low condition of morals must chiefly be attributed to this behavior of the press. Mr. Hassanverk is the only man, in my judgment, who is an honorable exception in this respect; and I have not the least doubt that he will soon openly declare his views about Spiritualism.

"Yours sincerely, H. Von Martels."

THE DAVENPORT CIRCLE AT BUFFALO.

REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATIONS.

So frequently have we recorded the phenomenal wonders developed at these rooms, that any additional notice of them may seem superfluous, and read like *twice* told tales. Still, while facts are called for, and *positive* testimony is demanded by the ultra skeptic, we shall continue to give such evidence as may meet the necessities of the case.

In selecting these facts, we prefer to take them from the *secular* press, as *that kind* of testimony will go farther with the moral and Spiritual skeptic, because *supposed to be dis*connected from any fanatical manifestation of Spirit, calculated to bias the mind, or mislead the judgment. Were it not for this conviction, it were an easy thing to give a weekly record of *facts*, as the test communications given through Miss Kate Fox and other mediums at the Rooms of the Society, are generally surprising and satisfactory. When, however, the parties receiving communications are willing to let their names go before the public, this argument will no longer hold good, for then the skeptic can examine the narrator as the *responsible* party. Until, however, we can give the *name* or *names* of the party, we will not give the facts of the test, or the communication, without said party are known to ourself, in which case we become responsible for the statement. To do more than this, is not only magnifying trifles, but ministering to the love for the marvelous, which, in *itself*, is as blind and extremeish as the skepticism it is intended to counteract and correct. We hope, however, the day is not far distant when the love of God will *constrain* men, everywhere, to bear testimony for "the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing* but the truth." To aid progress in this direction, we copy the following from the Weekly *Plain Dealer*, Dec. 5, that others may go and do likewise—*i. e.* examine for themselves if skeptical, and give their observations and conclusions over and under their *own* names to the public.—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist.*

Mansion House, Buffalo, Nov. 27, 1855.

"He played on a harp of a thousand strings, Spirits of just men made perfect."

Dear Gray:—Since the profoundest philosopher of the age—Professor Hare—has avowed his belief in Spiritual manifestations on earth, through the agency of mediums, your humble servant felt at liberty to go boldly to investigate the phenomena of "Spirits of just men made perfect," at the somewhat celebrated circle of the Davenport family, instead of sneaking in with his coat collar over his face, as he would have done had not the aforesaid philosopher opened the way. I went, and this is truthfully what I saw and heard:—

THE PLACE.

Having wound our devious way up four pair of stairs, we entered a rather rough looking room, about twenty feet square. At a large, heavy, round table in the centre, sat two harmless looking boys, one, I should judge, about fifteen and the other seventeen years old. On the table were two violins, a guitar, a small tea bell, and a large tin speaking trumpet. Around the walls were seated, on benches and chairs, twenty-six ladies and gentlemen, waiting for the time—half-past seven, P. M.—for the "performance" to begin.

Having carefully examined the walls, the floor and the ceiling, to make sure that no wire pulling, galvanizing, or other outside demonstrations, were to be tucked upon us, the single lamp that had dimly lighted the room was covered up, making the room perfectly dark.

THE DEMONSTRATIONS.

In less than two minutes, after the room was darkened, a loud thumping and twanging of the guitar and the two violins were heard, at the same time the little bell was rung violently. Then the large guitar was passed around the entire room, about even with the heads of the sitting auditory, so swiftly that the wind created by its motion was distinctly and alarmingly felt. The twanging on the strings was continued while the instrument was in motion, and indicated its locality as well as its rapid motion. Unbeliever as I was, and am yet in the Spirituality of these phenomena, I could not help but admit that *no human hands could possibly move with the instrument so rapidly without detection, if it could be done at all!*

The room was lighted, and all the instruments were found upon the table, and the boys sitting with their heads down upon their hands, and their hands resting on the table, as when the room was darkened. But this, strange and unaccountable as it was, did not satisfy me. It was perfect darkness, and the boys, or some busy accomplice, might do all that.

[This is about as consistent as most skeptics are, for having just said—"*No human hand could possibly move with the instrument so rapidly without detection*," he now asserts "*the boys or some busy accomplice might do all that*."—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist.*]

Second test.—I sat down to the table with all the instruments close before me; I held both the hands of the two boys in mine, and put my feet on theirs. Mr. Davenport was held by a "skeptic" perfectly trustworthy at the door; all the people were seated close to the wall, and all joined hands. The light was covered, and in a moment after the trumpet was sat upon my head, the guitar on one shoulder, a violin on the other, and the bell rung violently under my nose. Then all were loudly twanged (no tune is played or attempted) at once; the remaining violin passed rapidly around the room, and a windy voice said through the trumpet on my head, "If you don't believe I will hit you hard." You better believe I believed, and called for the light.

Third test.—A "strong-minded" woman desired to set between the boys and hold their hands. The aforesaid working tools were all placed on the table, the audience seated, and the lights put out. In a moment one of the most unearthly blasts or bellowings was heard through the trumpet, that ever greeted my ears! The "strong-minded" woman was brave, but was probably unprepared, as well as myself, for such a demonstration. She quaked a little, and a voice through the trumpet immediately said, "I meant to scare her, and I succeeded perfectly." The instruments were then played upon, or rather twanged, in every part of the room; the bell was rung constantly; the violin hit me several times in passing round on the knees, and was finally put into my hands, and taken violently away. The bell was put into the lap of a lady in the corner of the room, then thrown upon the floor; then the guitar was thrust against me. I caught a firm hold of it, and after a strong pull, succeeded in holding it, but it evidently displeased the "operator," for a blow with a violin, which may have been aimed at my head, nearly demolished both instruments. This "demonstration" was too striking, so the lights were called.

Fourth test.—The boys were held by disinterested persons, the lights put out, and it was announced through the trumpet that we should have "Spirit lights, an earthquake, and Spirit walking." Soon the stove began to shake violently, then the table and instruments, and finally the whole floor. Then a bright spark darted in every direction across the room, and a voice through the trumpet said, "All clap your hands;" we complied and set up an applause that would have added three years to the life of an actor. The light increased in brilliancy and activity in proportion to the noise we made. Then there was a terrible tramping over the floor, sounding to my ears like the war dance of twenty Indians!

The "operator" was then called upon to shake hands with several persons; they said he did so, but though asked, he would not venture his hand in mine. I had made up my mind to hold on to it, and feel around for the body. But how did he know what I meant to do? He tried to be witty, talked a good deal, and showed himself very illiterate and something of a blackguard.

Finally, it was announced through the trumpet that he would give us "a snow storm and then retire." Mr. Davenport explained: a snow storm meant a tremendous rattling, thumping, flying about of all the instruments, &c. Sure enough, such a "hilabiloo" I never heard before. All that had been done before was repeated at once. The "horn" was talking, the bell ringing, violins and guitars twanging and whistling about in every part of the room. Then he called out "light" close to my ear. The cover was raised from the light instantly, when every instrument dropped to the floor just in that part of the room where it happened to be, and the table was thrown half across the room, falling upside down; the trumpet fell at my feet.

This closed these most remarkable mysteries. I have not exaggerated in the least; on the contrary, many side tests were tried, equally wonderful and successful, that I have not mentioned.

D. W. Cross.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

THE CAUSE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Prattsburgh, Dec. 7, 1855.

Dear Friend:—Our congregation is small in this place, but we are firm in believing in the faith and teachings of Spirit intercourse. We are hard and active workers. Our circles are held regular, twice a week, when we are frequently favored with the communicated teachings of some of the master Spirits. The Rev. Thomas Scott and Bishop Wainwright are among the number, and give us special direction in regard to our Spiritual growth, the forming of circles in this vicinity, and when and where to give public lectures. We are favored, also, with two good speaking and writing mediums, who have spoken several times at Dundee, once at Penn Yan, Italy Hill and Naples—and generally to large and respectable audiences. I shall accompany one of the mediums to Naples next Sabbath. It is located some ten miles from this place, and the prospect is we shall have a large audience of skeptics, to listen to the teachings of the Rev. Thos. Scott, *through* George Jackson. I trust, in the providence of God, we will not be disappointed; for I long for the progress of the cause. There are many candid and intelligent minds in Western New York, investigating the phenomena, and studying the truths of Spirit intercourse. They will soon be led to embrace the truth for *truth's* sake. I am doing what I can to aid progress in an open and determined way. I want to see your paper more generally taken here, and will do what I can to form clubs at different points. We take some half a dozen at this place at present, but many more should be taken. Mail a copy to the Rev. W. P., of ———. He is a skeptical brother of mine, and capable of adding many to our numbers if we can rid him of his sectarian errors and dogmas.

I did not intend to write but a few lines, but such as they are you are at liberty to make such use of them as will aid the cause of truth.

Fraternally yours, J. W. Potter.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XX.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 10, 1855.

Brother Toohey,—From the city of Roger Williams I now resume the thread of my "travel's history." You left me last in the village of Westerly, the residence of the *amiable E. W. Babcock.* Having finished my labors there I proceeded to Wickford, where I lectured on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and was treated in the most handsome manner by Mr. George Nichols, and other gentlemen, belonging to the jewelry manufactory in that village. The Town Hall was procured for my use, and was well filled with a respectable and intelligent audience. From thence I proceeded on Thursday—Thanksgiving morning—to Providence, and called on Brother D. B. Harris, who, with his lady, received me most hospitably, and invited me to stay and partake of the day. Here I met with a pleasurable surprise, in meeting my friend, A. J. Davis, and his amiable lady. Having spent a few very pleasant hours in their company, I proceeded in the evening to Pawtuxet, where I was most cordially received by Brothers S. J. Sherman and Robert Rhodes, Esq., being entertained by Brother S. I lectured the same evening and the following in a free chapel, to a fair audience. Here I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, both mediums, who are likely to be of no small importance—he as a speaking, and she as a healing medium. They are in humble life and uneducated, yet do the Spirits give through them much of a high character. And here, again, I must notice the lack of principle evinced in those who being afflicted, will receive benefit from or through a healing medium, but forget to reciprocate in the smallest degree. And it is to be feared that Sister Godfrey will have to relinquish her deeds of mercy, because being poor she cannot afford to give her time to her mediumship for nothing. When will men learn justice?

Proceeding from thence I went to the village of Apponaug, lectured on Saturday evening in the Council Room, and twice on Sunday in the Armory Hall—being entertained during my stay by Brothers Hines and Westgate. I met a circle while in this place, in which were manifestations of what is called unknown tongues. There was only one, however, of three who appeared to give any thing that could be received as an approximation thereto. I do not mean to say that the media dissembled far from that, but I think it highly probable that the sounds produced—like that which I am myself made to utter—were nothing more than an unsuccessful effort on the part of Spirits to control the organs of speech. There has been a lady through these parts, giving exhibitions of these "unknown tongues" before the public, and she has done much injury to the cause, among those who are not able to appreciate them. I understand she says that she cannot help giving that which comes, but she can and should help placing herself in such positions as to do harm instead of good, and if the Spirits who control her, destroy her own personal control of her organs of speech, and say that which is unwise and injurious to the cause, she should most assuredly keep out of public meetings, and confine herself *as a medium* to private circles. I mention no name, as I do not wish to wound any persons feelings—"That which I say is in the Spirit of Love, for the good of the cause."—See 1 Cor. 14 chap.

East Greenwich was my next place of visitation, where I was domiciled in the family of Dr. Wheelan, who kindly opened a Hall for the lectures. I had purposed to give but three lectures in this place, but being requested by the audience, I consented to give a fourth. I am informed that the largest audiences ever meeting in the Hall were present, and much eager interest was manifested throughout.

On Friday I visited Bristol, and completed my arrangements for the future. On Saturday, 8th, I returned to this city, Providence, where I have been kindly received and entertained by Brothers S. W. Shaw and Chaffer. Yesterday was the most unpropitious day I have had during all my travels, yet notwithstanding, was there a good audience, and much interest was shown, and I was requested to consent to repeat those already given, and complete the course, which I have agreed to do as you will perceive below.

Dec. 10th and 11th in Pawtucket; 12th, 13th, and 14th in Bristol, 15th and three times on Sunday, 16th, in Fall River. I expect to be in Newport on 17th, 18th, and 19th, and on the 20th to be in New York, to lecture in Stuyvesant Institute, on 23d and 30th of December, morning and evening, of which I should thank you to give a prominent notice in your paper. After my visit to your city, I shall return again to this city for the second and third Sundays in January.

Friends desiring to secure my services, and being convenient of access from Providence, will please inform me by letter, addressed to 553 Broadway, New York, before the commencement of the new year. Farewell,

Yours, for Truth and Humanity,

Jno. Mayhew.

FACTS FOR THE THEOLOGICALLY WISE.

Pillar Point, N. Y. Dec. 2, '55.

Editor of Christian Spiritualist: I take the liberty of sending you an extract from the life of Col. James Gardner, as published by the American Tract Society, No. 135. Perhaps it may enlighten the understanding of some of the Sectarian preachers, who are in the habit of declaiming against Spiritual manifestations. It commences on page 9, and is as follows:

"We now come to the account of his conversion. This memorable event happened towards the middle of July, 1719. He had spent the evening, which was the Sabbath, in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married lady, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven, and he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour. It happened that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau, called "The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm," written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title that he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in a manner which might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it, but took no serious notice of anything he read, and yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind, perhaps God only knows how, which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences.

Suddenly, he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might have happened by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded with a glory; and impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him to this effect: "O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?" But whether this were an audible voice, or only a strong impression on his mind, equally striking, he did not seem confident, though he judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not exactly how long, insensible, and when he opened his eyes, saw nothing more than usual.

I would say, the foregoing narrative is purported to be written by Rev. Phillip Doddridge, D. D.

Again:—*Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction.*

The following account is taken from the History of Jefferson County, published 1854, commencing on page 471. A person, who was known by the name of Tom Garnet, a son of an English farmer, near Liverpool, was married, and a short time after, went for the purpose of purchasing some necessaries for keeping house, when he was seized by a press gang, and taken on board a frigate, and for a number of years he had not been able to get any tidings of his family. At length, he found himself on board of the brig Oneida, on Lake Ontario, in 1812, at Sacketts Harbor.

"On the morning before the fleet of Chauncey sailed to meet the enemy near Kingston, Tom related to his comrades a dream he had the night before, in which he thought his wife appeared to him as a disembodied Spirit in heaven, with a son, whom he had never seen, and told him that he would be the first man killed on board the fleet, and would soon join them. His story was treated with levity. He proceeded to divide his wardrobe among his companions, and gave instructions about the little property he possessed, as would one to whom death was a certain doom; yet his cheerfulness and alacrity was unabated, and although he evidently *believed* in the presentiment he expressed, he seemed to be exhilirated with the welcome prospect of meeting the long lost and dear partner of early hopes blasted, the object on which his memories had centered, and the only one for whom he had desired to live. Chauncey's fleet sailed, and engaged the enemy's batteries in the harbor of Kingston, the first shot from which was a nine pound ball that crossed the deck of the Oneida, and passed through the body of Tom Garnet at his post. He fell instantly dead with the same smile upon his countenance that habit had impressed. This singular coincidence and verification of presentiment is so well attested by authentic witnesses, that it merits the attention of the curious."

Alfred Otis.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S IDEA OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

Those acquainted with the position, past labors and writings of this distinguished ecclesiastic, will no doubt be pleased to learn *his* latest convictions on the "Resurrection of the dead." As the reasons given for his conclusions may suggest thoughts to others, while they in a measure answer the questions, "*How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?*—Cor. xv., 35. Though much has been said and written on this subject, much remains still to be presented, before the full order and beauty of nature's *method* in the economy of what is called *death*, is made manifest to all minds; for the dogma of a physical and bodily resurrection has been so long accredited, (because accepted as the teaching of the scriptures,) that, as a matter of course, its influence cannot be other than antagonistic to any theory attempting to give a more Spiritual and philosophic interpretation to such portions and facts of the New Testament as relate to this subject. In this, however, as in other things relating to Spirit-life, we hope much from the advent of Spiritism; and the revelations we may expect will be made from higher orders of Spirits, as progress and intercourse unfolds the beauties and mysteries of the other world.

In the meantime, the thoughts and convictions of all honest thinkers and philosophic enquirers, can hardly fail of interest with the earnest student of nature and lover of truth; for wise and clear conclusions on the nature of Spirit and the resurrected life, is not to be arrived at without laborious, patient and prayerful thought.

The Editor of the *Knickerbocker* introduces the Archbishop's conclusions, with the following reflections:

"Who has not, at some solemn moment of his life, looked at his hand when writing, or at his limbs outstretched before the glowing grate, or at his face in the glass, and not called to mind the awful inquiry of the poet—

> "And must this body die—
> This mortal frame decay;
> And must these active limbs of mine
> Lie mouldering in the clay?"

Yes: death is the law and lot of nature; yet what we call death is but a passport to life. *Archbishop Whately*, in his new work on the future state, has some beautiful thoughts upon the resurrection from the dead.

'A wound received in childhood bears the scars although every atom of its flesh has long since resolved itself into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the brawny arm of the man? The *substance* of the infant and of the man is the same; is it not, then, this *substantial* body which is raised to incorruption? Take the case of an infant, three days old: does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born lame, be lame also in the resurrection? or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the *substantial*, and not the *accidental* body. It shall be a Spiritual and not a natural body—an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We shall arise in *His* likeness.'"

For the Christian Spiritualist.

LETTER NO. 1.

TO THE REV. MR. TUCKER, OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, OF TROY.

Brother Tucker,—I have often deplored the Spiritual blindness and unchristian malevolence of the sectarian church of Troy. My attention is again called to the subject, by reading the various Thanksgiving sermons, as reported in the Troy *Daily Times.* Those discourses, in general, instead of being tributes of thankfulness to our common Father, for the manifold blessings of the past year, are made up of denunciations and invectives hurled against those who occupy different stand points in matters of faith, from the stand points of the authors of these discourses. Among others, the Rev. Mr. Tucker makes use of the occasion to denounce a portion of his fellow citizens for their religious belief. The particular phase of Christian faith against which *his* anathemas are launched, is known to the world as Spiritualism. Spiritualists are represented in his discourse as pretenders—free lovers, who wish to abrogate the institution of marriage, overthrow law and order, and give the world up to unbridled licentiousness and crime.

Now, Brother Tucker, I have yet to learn whether that sermon was dictated by ignorance or reckless misrepresentation. It certainly was by one of the two. Are you aware, my friend, that Spiritualism has some two thousand believers in the city of Troy? Do you know that Spiritualists are found in every rank and degree of intellect, and even among the communicants of nearly every church in Troy? Do you know, also, that we have no voice in the public press, and that we are denied the right to defend ourselves against the base slanders, so frequently given publicity to, in the columns of the Trojan press? Do you know that some of us are husbands and fathers, having wives and daughters, whose reputations are more sacred to us than all else that God can give us in this world? If you do not know all this, you do not know who we are, and what we are. Such being the case, how can you justify yourself as a preacher or a man, in the promulgation of the sentiments embodied in the discourse under consideration? The time is nearly at an end when such productions as Trojan Thanksgiving sermons can excite any feeling but pity for their authors, in the breasts of thinking men. And the particular discourse referred to, does not now exert any influence for good, beyond the altar of the pulpit from whence it emanated. To be left in the quiet enjoyment of intercourse with our friends who have passed from the earthly form, is all we ask from any formal church, or sectarian preacher. But when the sanctity of the domestic circle is invaded by the thunders of the sectarian rostrum, self-respect, human dignity, manhood, call upon us to defend the right. Not because slander can injure us, but because the slanderer needs correction. Justice, Brother Tucker, is one of God's immutable laws. It will work out its mission in every case, despite all human opposition.

I do not blame you, sir, for being very sensitive on the subject of "Free Love." Report says, that a very lamentable case of free love occurred in your own church in the past year. But do not blame us for it my friend. We had nothing to do with it. We deplore it as much as you do.

Now, sir, if I have done you any injustice, I am willing to act up to the Christian principle of doing as I would be done by. The Spiritualists of Troy occupy Harmony Hall, as a public lecture room. The platform is free, and each individual speaker is compensated for his or her services, by a voluntary contribution of the audience. I am authorised by the executive committee to invite you, Brother Tucker, to occupy the stand in Harmony Hall, at your earliest convenience, and substantiate, by fact or argument, any of the charges set forth against Spiritualism, in your Thanksgiving sermon. Couch your remarks in your own way—assail Spiritualism from any stand point you choose, and you may be sure of the most respectful attention, while you are on the stand. Of course you will be willing to hear the other side, after you have retired from the stand.

We will publicly discuss the question of Spirtualism with you, Brother Tucker, and any number of friends you may bring, on the platform of Science or Revelation. Or, if you choose to meet the question in a less public way, I will discuss the matter with you in the columns of any paper of respectability, where my remarks will be printed as I write them, and not mutilated. And, in order to avoid misunderstanding at the outset, I will premise my position. I deny that Spiritualists, as such, are in favor of "Free Love," and I call upon you to prove it by any reliable testimony. Secondly: I hold that the Spiritual manifestations of this time, are identical with those of primitive Christianity. I claim to be somewhat of a Bible-scholar, and I have investigated the Spiritual phenomena of the day, for over three years. By comparison, I find the ancient manifestations of Judea, and the modern manifestations of Troy to be identical. If you, sir, have not investigated the extraordinary revelations of our time, then, of course, I have the advantage—but that advantage is more than counterbalanced when I allow you to bring the testimony of witnesses, who have been dead over eighteen centuries, to compare with the testimony of witnesses who are now alive in Troy, and other parts of our country. Remember, sir, that I stand upon the platform of Jesus of Nazareth, and how much so ever I may differ with you in the literal construction of Scripture *meaning*, I am no further from you than you are from any creed other than your own.

Fraternally thine,

Troy, Dec. 10, 1855. S. M. Peters.

THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.

The popular outcry against Spiritualism as a delusion and mockery will speedily pass away when its genuine fruits are fairly presented to the candid mind, its living inspirations to a quickened and loving heart. Let the following lines be read in a tranquil hour, when the hum of busy life dies away in the distance, and the Spirit turns inward for refreshment and repose. They present two scenes in the life of a poet whom we all know.—And strangely beautiful as they seem to us, it is sweet to remember that such scenes are ever transpiring around us, were the veil but lifted from our bodily eyes. The first is descriptive of the gentle influences that soothed and bore away the dying poet to his better home; the second of his joyful wakening from the trance of death in a world of endless wonders.

THE DEATH OF KEATS.

'In a slumber deep and holy,
Like a cradled infant, wholly
Free from sin and sorrow keep
Him forever, gentle sleep;
Lead him through thy twilight vales,
Feed his lips with honey-dew,
He was kind and good and true;
Like the crescent moon, that sails
Far away through sunset skies,
He hath gone from earthly eyes;
Lead him, Sleep, O, lead him where
Death, who 'herits all things fair,
Dwells 'mid trophies rich and rare.
Gentle Death, to him be mild,
He in Spirit is a child;
Show him not thy dungeon deep,
Where the old-time monarchs sleep,
Wrapped in glory for a pall;
He is but an infant small;
Lead him through thy stately hall
To the angel guarded gate,
Where his kindred for him wait,
Deathless clothed in purple state;
Fairest lords and ladies they,
Dwellers in the realms of day;—
Voices low were heard to say,
Where the gentle Poet lay.

Sleep who haunts the Indian dells
Where the purple asphodels
Wave, 'mid dusky foliage hid,
Heard and oped the drowsy lid
Of his deep and dewy eyes,
As a mist wreath glad to rise
From a violet bank in may
When 'tis neither night nor day;
Lingering on his way to call
Night blown roses beautiful,
Hawthorn buds and eglantine,
From their leaves distilling wine,
Pure as tears by mother shed
O'er a little infant's bed,
When its faint-breathed evening prayer
Melts away through twilight air,
And it seems a cherub fair;
While a sun-beam rich and rare
Turns to gold his chestnut hair,
Playing like an angel's wings
O'er him as he tries to smile,
Radiant through its glimmerings,
In his mother's face the while.

Sleep and Death together came,
Sleep and Death so calm and mild:
And the dim-eyed Evening smiled,
And the stars with silver flame;
And the mystic Pilots three
Of the Spirit's destiny,
Faith and Hope and Charity,
Gazed with high approving mien,
Holding lamps of gold unseen,
That diffused a fragrant light
And an odor of delight
Through the dimness of the night.

Sleep drew near his couch and smiled,
Pouring out his mystic wine;
'Drink,' he said, 'this draft divine
Gentle poet undefiled.'
And he drank and said 'I feel
Sense-dissolving music steal
Through my being. I depart
And I feel the daisies start
O'er my breast.' So Keats was led
To those islands fair and large,
Far beyond earth's ocean marge,
Where attired and garlanded
With divine felicity,
Mild and beautiful and free,
Lyric Angels held their court.
Joy and Mirth and frolic Sport.
Peace and Pleasure, free from pain,
Hold therein unceasing reign.
Fairer than the English May
Blooms this halcyon world alway,
Rose-hued Night with golden Day
Share an alternating sway.
There serene tranquility
Setteth like a queen on high;
And the yellow rivers flow,
And the crimson lilies blow,
And the crested swans appear
Doubly in the tranquil mere.
Earth and atmosphere and sea
Share the mind's transparency.
Through each form its Spirit glows;
Hearts their secret thoughts unclose;
Two fold blooms each deathless rose,
Two-fold shines each upper light.
Every nature finds delight
In celestial marriage ties;
Two-fold are all harmonies.
'Tis the Indian Heaven, as old,
Almost, as the Age of Gold.
There our Keats is newly born,
He is clothed and crowned with morn;
Life's distress is all forgot,
He is not dead and dieth not;
Daisies grow not o'er his breast
By his own True Love caressed.

THE SONG OF KEATS IN PARADISE.

Bring me a silver lute I sang,
Bring me a silver lute,
When all things round me breathe of song
My voice shall not be mute.
Like an unfolding rose my heart
Within my bosom lies;
The budding loves unclose and part,
And this is Paradise.

The crescent moon that dimly shines
In white felicity,
Ere yet a star-beam from the skies
Hath kissed the hawthorn tree,—
That crescent moon grows momently
'Mid all her queenly train
A fairer goddess, while descends
The golden evening rain.

O Goddess of the silver bow,
Endymion-like I start;
Thy words in music through me glow,
And tremble in my heart.

Thy haunting eyes through all my soul
Flash jewels rich and rare,
And they are thoughts that bid me wake—
But where am I, O where?

I cast my outer form aside
As 'twere a serpent-skin.
My soul as through a perfumed sea
Thy isled sphere doth win.
But where am I, and what am I?
Sure, sure, I know not now,
Save an unfolding bud of life
On heaven's rich fruit-tree bough. H.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

LAW OF ANTAGONISMS.

LIFE OR ACTION vs. DEATH OR STILLNESS.

STILLNESS NOT ANNIHILATION.

DEAR BROTHER TOOHEY:—In your accompanying remarks to my *explanation*, in the "*Christian Spiritualist*" of the 17th Nov., in regard to my new "*Theory of Spiritualism*," you substitute for the word "*stillness*" "Annihilation; making my parallel of "Antagonisms" read "*Life* or *Action* vs. *Death* or *Annihilation.*" This you say "is according to the theory of the Adventist, and not very different to Brother Gay's Philosophy, as it is somewhat *difficult* to conceive of a state of *stillness* in the Spirit-world." You say further, that "Having made this explanation, it is unnecessary to say more, as we conceive it to be both *probable* and *possible* for Brother Gay to elaborate the theory under consideration, without stealing another person's thunder." You also kindly say, "If Brother Gay will explain how *stillness* can harmonize with *progress*, after having convinced himself it is not synonomous with *Annihilation*, we should be pleased to give the same to our readers, as it may then be suggestive of a progressive philosophy."

Thanking you, kind Brother, for your generous courtesy, we avail ourself of the happy privilege tendered.

1st. The term "*Annihilation*," we conceive neither has, or ever can have an existence, either in "*Nature, Philosophy*," or in "*Revelation*"; therefore we feel excused in giving an explanation.

2d. "STILLNESS" we recognize, both in Nature, Philosophy and Revelation; therefore we will give our perceptions of what we understand by Stillness or Death, as used in our "New Theory of Spiritual Philosophy." "*Stillness* or *Death*," we understand to be, that state or condition where too opposite conditions meet, recognized in Philosophy as an "EQUILIBRIUM" state or condition; as where two opposing forces, or the positive and negative, ceases to either attract or repel each other, at this point that change or condition takes place, which we call "Stillness or Death." For instance, take a *cold cannon ball* and place it in a furnace of *red heat temperature*, and what phenomena takes place? Why, we immediately see the cold ball losing its coldness or negative condition, and the furnace losing a corresponding portion of its heat or positive condition; this *action* continues until the *ball* and the *furnace* become of an equal temperature or condition, when immediately all action ceases and an "*equilibrium*" ensues; this is "*stillness*," (not annihilation, but a cessation of "action only;") the ball and the furnace still remaining—what the one has lost the other has gained—both having changed their "conditions" only. The only loss is each's *predominancy*. Now, take the red hot ball and place it in a vessel of *cold water*, and we see two entire different conditions arise, and instantly action commences again, and goes on, each in an *opposite line* of PROGRESSION, until the two opposite predominancies meet in equilibrium again. The duration of this equilibrium state must ever depend upon the conventional forces surrounding it, as the next preponderating conventional force calls forth from "stillness" new conditions. Therefore, the duration of this state of stillness may be in a twinkling, and it may be numerous eternities.

Again: Take a fact in the vegetable kingdom. The *predominancy of life* in the "ACORN" forces the germ to emerge from the earth, (the earth being the general focus of crossing conditions,) and by its preponderancy over all opposite forces causes the germ to drag (even in opposition to the law of granulation) its huge trunk, and press its majestic branches to a lofty eminence in space. The towering form continues to throw forth its material boughs for a century or more—her glory is sung at each vernal impulse—life in her predominating chariot rides forth in youthful and sportive buoyancy, mocking every inferior condition. She oft unfolds her beautiful panorama of variegated canvas upon her own sturdy flag-staff, and bids a sportive defiance to all conventional forces around; a few more preponderating throes, and the point of her zenith is met—her uprising sun has cast her last triumphant gleam, and her uplifting chariot stops (still) instanter—silence (stillness) reigns in the ærial heavens—where clashing forces die in the still embrace of equilibrium.

The mighty retinue of life, which had stood the blast of an hundred winters, and listened undismayed, to no voice save that of their triumphant conqueror,—knowing no law but *upward progression;* for the first time in a century, are saluted with another voice from an opponent, whose stern demeanor tells his mighty power, and whose withering breath, scatters the prowess of his long conquering opponent to the downward car of progression. Life summons her faithful host, and still contests the struggle—man to man, particle to particle, the crisis of equal power is met. Life casts forth her green foliage upon her elastic stems, but, alas, alas, the mark of her opponent's ruthless hand and corroding breath, are seen upon every fold of her receding beauty. The predominant car of decay, which succeeds the crossing point of opposing conditions or state of equilibrium, are on her march,—the green leaf withers, the elastic bough breaks, and the expanding trunk recedes—life declines and mingles with the falling dust of her own works,—each particle reclining upon the bosom of its fellow below, until all be dissolved by the strong solvent of "*negative preponderancy*," and meets in the silent bed of equilibrium,—out of which arises all the varied conditions in Nature—each condition deriving its own peculiar identity from the predominating conventional forces around.

Dear Bro., lest your readers be fatigued by the length of my note, I will for the present draw it to a close by saying one word more.

In our "*new Spiritual Philosophy*" we recognize mending PROGRESSION of all Spirits, but we also recognize TWO *distinct conditions of progress*, designated by a *positive* and *negative* predominancy. When a Spirit (in the form or out) loves *evil* more than *good*, he progresses negatively, which is antipode to good, thus he will progress through the infinite unfoldings of eternities, unless his evil predominancy is met by a good predominancy, which crosses in equilibrium, when he ceases to love evil more and good less, he is then dead to do evil, but alive to do good. Indeed, he is emphatically "BORN AGAIN."

In our two grand conditions or divisions of progress, (positive and negative,) we recognize innumerable DEGREES of progression in each. Our first grand division comes by virtue of the great "*Law of Antagonism*" which uncloses all things, either positive or negative—good or evil.

The infinite degrees recognized within the first grand division, are by virtue of the preponderating conventional forces present, fitting each for its own place, both in earth-life and Spirit-life.

With these remarks we close for the present, hoping for Truth, Love and Wisdom, to give preponderancy to our progress. Yours with love to all, good-by, JEDEDIAH R. GAY.

MONTVILLE, Conn. Dec. 4th, '55.

Special Correspondence for the Christian Spiritualist.

PASSING GLANCES NO. XI.

LIFE AND PROGRESS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, Dec. 5th, 1855.

Dear Bro. Toohey: I once more take the pen to post you up on my movements. I desire to return my heartfelt thanks to Mrs. F. H. Green, yourself, Gov. N. P. Talmadge, and Mr. Jas. Statts of Carbondale, Pa., and also to Mr. Taylor of Partridge & Brittan's Spiritual Telegraph Office, for their saving kindness in my most desperate hour of need. When the grim monster disease and poverty laid his heavy hand upon me, these noble persons, may God forever bless them, put their offerings in my hand, and have materially assisted me on the road to health. My soul cleaveth unto them all, and let them rest assured that live or die, I shall ever bless the hand that gave, and should I once more tread the flowery paths of health, I will faithfully seek those depressed as I have been and measurably still am, and *do* as hath been done to me. Brethren, children of the true God, I, from the depths of my Spirit, thank you. Mr. Temple, your friend, has indeed proved himself a friend to me in more ways than one, as has his relatives Miss C. Temple and Mr. John Bancroft of Reading, for they have at considerable expense and trouble provided for me, and placed me in conditions under which I am rapidly refining in *mind* and feeling, and also regaining steadily my health. I have spent ten or twelve days here in Boston, but return to Reading to-day. Should any letters come to you for me, or should any person desire to write me, letters may be sent to Boston, care of "Fountain House." Spiritualism is in a peculiarly unfortunate condition in many respects in this locality. There seems to be a want of unity among its advocates and adherents. And yet, I doubt not its progress on the general plane, is good, healthy, and sound, albeit I think, there is a great deal too much superficiality. The people do not investigate *deeply*, but they do investigate *broadly*, and hence, I conclude that as soon as they have made the tour of the universe surfacely, they may find time and inclination to go a little deeper into the real merits of this august movement. It is to me a matter of astonishment, that so much inconsistency should be manifested on the part of the public, especially that portion who pretend to doubt the facts of Spiritualism, and ignore the claims of the New Dispensation, for scarce a day passes that I do not detect these cavillers in piracy, for not one of them but considers himself entitled to steal the Spiritualists' thunder. Our sentiments, opinions, and primal tenets are daily paraded and commended for their beauty, Spiritual doctrines of a life of active progress beyond the grave. Ideas of love and labor hereafter, they are constantly presenting to their readers, and yet they pretend to deny our well established facts. *O tempora! O mores!* Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel! They forget that "a rose by any name is just as sweet." Well, I rather feel disposed to let them have their way, for in the end, Truth and Spiritualism are the gainers.

Dr. H. F. Gardner keeps a model hotel here. I wish other landlords would take pattern by his example, for what with courteousness on his part and that of his assistants, clean and airy rooms and beds, and the healthful board he so bountifully spreads before them, together with the *moral* of his model establishment, if a man or woman is not happy and content, I much fear that such persons have a very crude idea of the comforts and the small sweet courtesies of life!

A few sabbaths since, Mr. Temple and myself received a polite invitation from Dr. G., to attend a Spiritual meeting at Chapman Hall, one of the best appointed places for that purpose I have seen. In the afternoon I spoke both in and out of *propria persona*, and all went smoothly as a marriage bell. Dr. Gardner announced that I would speak again in the evening, and at the proper time, albeit I was very ill, I took the stand, and the Spirits took me, and gave *their* views of matters and things in general, and Metaphysics and Theology in particular. Probably an hour was consumed by the three disembodied worthies in presenting their philosophy or rather in saying their say, and I sat down completely exhausted by the exercise thro' which my body had passed, when

> "Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound,
> All ears attest the cry—
> "Ye living men, I do believe that story is a lie."

In a word, after I sat down, a man with a doleful countenance rose in the audience, and asserted that the speeches delivered were not of Spiritual origin, and thus accusing me before nearly 800 people of rank and gross imposture, and that only because the ideas advanced did not suit him. I became aware of this charge by hearing Dr. G. defend me from the vile aspersion. I will not pretend that the Spirits did speak through me on that occasion, or indeed on any other, but I do say that I not only believe they did, but that my soul and body would have been finally and forever divorced, had I alone undertaken the task that day accomplished. On many occasions, when the lamp of life burned low in my frame, have I been somehow miraculously endowed with strength to speak in a manner and with an energy compared to which, all—even the best of my normal efforts sink into utter insignificance. Moreover, I remember not a word that passed through my lips, and I am frequently made to utter sentiments entirely antagonistic to those I normally entertain. If it is not Spirits, in the name of Heaven, what is it that thus takes a man from a sick bed, and makes him talk in such a manner, that if he alone should attempt it, would cause an hemorrhage almost fatal, and yet protect him from such disastrous consequences? But away with such a dolefully dolorous subject, and let us take a passing glance at things in Boston.

Always anxious to prove all things, I have employed many spare hours in visiting the Spiritualistic celebrities. In a few instances, I have had "my labor for my pains;" in others, have been abundantly rewarded for the time and trouble invested. I had the high pleasure of spending several happy hours at the mansion of Mrs. Rice, whose son, William E. Rice, is a young man of rare promise and rare powers in some directions. Mr. Rice is a mere youth, yet is successfully competing with the best M. D.'s in Boston. He is a clairvoyant practitioner, and is, beyond all question, the best delineator of character I have ever met, and I much doubt if his superior is now before the public. Let any mortal sit in his presence for a physical analysis, and if he don't rise a better man than when he sat down, I am greatly mistaken, besides being convinced that there *is really* more in Spiritualism than perhaps he may be willing to admit. I heard the same talented young gentleman deliver a speech at the house of Dr. Charles Main, when under Spirit influence, which, for clearness and conciseness of detail, fullness of the spirit of philanthropy and calm dignity of dictum and delivery, was equal to the best efforts I ever heard from any reform pulpit or rostrum anywhere.

Apropos of Dr. Main, I presume you are already cognizant of the fact, that this gentleman is a healing medium of uncommon powers. If not, then I can assure you such is the case. The doctor keeps a healing institute at 98 Pleasant street, and it is filled with invalids from several parts of the country, all of whom are rapidly approaching the sphere of health by the laying on of hands. I know of several cases of malignant cancer absolutely driven out of the system by his magic touch—for the doctor gives but little medicine. His terms are very reasonable, and should any of your readers feel the need of his assistance, I feel that benefit will accrue. Social parties and public circles meet frequently at the doctor's, and having attended two of them I speak from experience when I aver them to be "just the thing to kill care, and send sorrow to the sea." You doubtless recollect a certain "machine," yclept "The New Motor," whereof John M. Spear was the earthly sponsor. Well, you doubtless also heard that *that* "machine" was killed, *deaded*, dosed, by a mob in Randolph. Well, again, it aint dead yet, or if it ever was, it won't stay *put*, for it remains intact at Randolph yet. Spear's announcement of its destruction was premature. He was not present at the time of the mob, and made the announcement under the impression of the truth of a statement made to him to that effect. But why this story was left uncontradicted to this date, is, to say the least, mysterious.

I have met Miss Frances Burbank, the celebrated speaking medium, and Mr. Redman, the test medium. The former is a very interesting lady, and a remarkably endowed messenger of light to a sleepy-headed world. She has done a great work, and may she long be spared to continue it. Mr. Redman is a physical medium of the Hume and Gordon class, equal to neither in many things, but in others superior to both. The manifestations resemble those of Conklin in many respects. Theodore Parker, I learn, has probed this matter of immortalism to some extent, through a Mr. Squires, a medium whom the invisibles lift and carry about *a la* the Davenport bags in Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Parker asserted his disbelief in the Spirituality of the things said to take place, and expressed a wish to see something accomplished that mere mortal man might not do. Well, a time was appointed,—the circle met, and the room darkened, whereupon up went Mr. Squires bang against the ceiling. Mr. Parker got up—spread his arms all about, and *talked* with Squires while in the air, and then said audibly "Here is something mere mortals may not do." I rather *guess* Mr. P. is on the fence, if not at heart a believer in that glowing demonstration of immortal life, he so eloquently pictures forth nearly every Sabbath day.

Thine, for justice, P. B. RANDOLPH.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

GOD AND MAMMON.

God made Christianity, and *Mammon* destroyed it. It will be so with every good work, until mankind are elevated to a more Spiritual plane, beyond the crushing powers of selfishness.

Speaking of *Christianity*—we mean the *thing itself*, not some unworthy *representative;* not the confused and pitiful *Babel* of to-day, that bears so unworthily the exalted *name only;* we mean the *genuine* Christianity, that came to *redeem* man, by inculcating a simple but broad *principle*—that said "*Love one another.*"

Christ taught a *principle*, Mammon destroyed it, and instituted in its stead a *form*. Go into our modern cathedral—gaze around at the costly confusion of gilded trappings, and superfluous adornments. Listen to its mimicking priests, prating their lifeless Latin, to cowering ignorance. Are you not forcibly reminded of a comic *pantomime*, or children's *play-house?* How humiliating, that even one *sensible* man could be found to seriously confound this senseless ceremonial with the simple, pure Christianity of the son of Joseph!

Selfishness, like all other faculties of man's nature, is good in its place. Its *abuse* makes it an evil.

"Go into all the world and preach the gospel." This simple, comprehensible gospel—so simple that "he who runs may read and understand it."

But *priestcraft* said no. Why? It is *inexpedient* was the inward answer. It is *too* simple—too *easy to be understood.* Should we preach this thing, the people will need no *interpreters*—no priests. The people will become *their own priests.* Horrid thought! No priesthood!

So at it they went. See the *imposing* organization! Deacons, priests, bishops, popes, saints; a triple, incomprehensible God, and a more omnipotent devil; costly edifices, expensive undertakings, unexampled outlays, mysterious creeds, and, as a consequence, grinding *taxation* upon the deluded masses to support it—as a final consequence *Christianity's downfall. A confused Babel of Creeds* in its sacred place.

See! Again the Spiritual host draw near to earth! Heaven suffers not hope to die out! Defeated, but not discouraged! Patient, but still strong in resolution. For *eighteen long centuries* she has awaited another opportunity to redeem man, and now that Freedom has burst her political bonds, and Liberty been wed with her genial partner Education, she comes again with inspiring strength to cheer and save!

Shall Mammon again conquer? God forbid!

The true Spiritualist must answer this question. The demon of Spiritual death is already strongly positioned upon our revered territory! Our Temple is even now daily desecrated by his unholy example! The truth of heaven is hourly bartered as the meanest of merchandise; and imposition, as a consequence, is so interwoven with the true, that her lineaments are scarcely legible.

Is it not so? Shall we withhold the truth? Such a policy would be perilous. As well might the mariner refuse to cast anchor when danger stares him in the face, or fail to furl at the storm-king's bidding. No! Speak out, *now.* Defer it, and soon the glory of our beautiful press will be departed: *its* liberty will be crushed out by the *patronage* of the evil doer, and the truth will be powerless against error.

Mammon will reign, and Heaven again withdraw.

To whom does this thing belong, that it should be made a merchandise of? Is it mine, that I should label and barter it away by the package or bottle, and at an *exorbitant* price? By so doing I peril the purity of my gift.

If we permit our vigilance to flag, the enemy will be upon us. If we fail to daily work and *weed* our heritage, soon the precious crop will be choked out, and Spiritual stagnation and death will be the consequence.

Let us up, then, and sound the alarm! Let the cry be death to king Mammon! Long live Spiritual Liberty!

Let not the ground be covered by a single weed as long as our untiring vigilance can prevent it. We must work while the day lasts, if we would do this. And "*now* is the accepted time" for effectual work. A. C. McC.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDIUMS.

1. When you sit for manifestations, do not expect to be caught up into "the third heaven."

2. When you are thus caught up and behold that which is not lawful to utter, remember not to utter it.

3. When you wish to speak, do not attempt to speak, but let the voice which cometh from above speak within you, to you, and to others.

4. When you ask for a manifestation, remember you know not what you do, but frequently do desire the one to sit on the right hand, and the other on the left in the Father's kingdom.

5. When you are moved, be *moved*, when you are *not* moved, be not moved.

6. When you take your seat upon the pinnacle of the Temple, remember you have a great distance to fall, but remember also if the *Spirit* places you there, it will not suffer you to fall.

7. When you direct your prayer to the Spirit of Truth and Love, remember that the Spirit of Truth and Love will dictate the petition and answer the same also.

8. When you get upon the surface thought, remember that you may not be acquainted with the internal, and that the fire which is within, may burst through and burn you, ere you are aware of its presence.

9. When you digest the operations of the Spirit, be sure that you use no foreign adulterations.

10. When the Spirit gives you an answer, do not question it with doubt.

11. When you are convinced internally and entirely of a truth, do not hesitate to speak it forth.

12. When you seek to become wiser than the Spirit, then seek a higher Spirit, and do not tamper with your guardian Spirit. E. E. G.

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The Doctor, however, will continue to minister to the necessities of the sick, as he can now offer them the consolations of Spirit-life, and measurably rely on the ministrations of the angels for aid and co-operation.

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MISS KATE FOX.

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Hours, from 10 to 1, every day, *Saturday* and *Sunday* excepted.

The SOCIETY wish it distinctly borne in mind that Miss Fox is employed for the purpose of *converting the skeptical*, rather than to contribute to the *pleasure* of the *Spiritualistic believer*, and it is expected, therefore, that those who are CONVERTED will NOT *occupy the time of the Medium.*

This *change* is warranted not only by the experience of the past year and a half, but suggested by the consideration, that those who may wish communications from their Spirit friends can, and should, avail themselves of the services of other Mediums.

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TO AN ANGEL VISITANT.

O, rosy Spirit, love warm, pure and mild,
Thou comest to visit me, an earth-born child,
Knowing that o'er my soul hangs heavily
The cloudy veil of human destiny.

Thou comest a min'strant from that holy sphere
Whose living airs are known not, breathed not here,
Save by the weary, whom earth-airs oppress,
And those who yearn in Spirit loneliness;

Yearn for that higher and that truer life
Above this sphere of discord and of strife,
Yearn for dear sympathy, for love and rest
To lean like John on the Beloved's breast!

Such sympathy, such love on earth is rare,
But angels offer us of theirs a share;
And freely, tenderly, our souls infill
With thoughts of love which all our being thrill.

Whene'er as now I feel the presence sweet
Of angel forms, blessing my soul's retreat;
From opened Heaven such airs upon me pour
That I can love external airs no more.

No eyes but those on whose interior sight
Has poured a flood of pure supernal light,
Can comprehend how dark the outward seems,
How like a troubled sleep of weary dreams.

Gladly I wake from these at thy command,
O Spirit! gladly seek with thee the land
Where wedded love and wisdom are enthroned,
Gladly drink in the harmonies, many toned,

That from the inner soul of Being ring;
That bird—like Spirits in their rapture sing,
That Spirit waves, keep time to as they beat
Forever, round the Eternal Father's feet!

UNDINE.

From the Practical Cnristian.

THE BEAUTIFUT HEREAFTER.

In the Beautiful Hereafter
    Once again the Eden trees—
    Life's undying harmonies—
    Shall from mortal dust outbloom,
    Sunshine triumph over gloom.
Man now treads the burning rafter
    Thrown across the burning sea—
    Hark! the angel sings to me:
"In the beautiful Hereafter,
    Once again the Eden trees
    Out from God's own harmonies
    Shall upon the earth unfold,
    Blooming through the age of Gold,
Vain is thy derisive laughter,
    Critic; can a single sneer
    Blot out summer from the year?"
In the Beautiful Hereafter,
    Hark! I hear that Angel-strain,
    God in man's own heart shall reign,
    Man become a Spirit pure,
    Earth in heaven's own form endure;
    Seraph hosts shall re-appear,
    Then shall bloom Love's endless year.

CRANIOLOGICAL FACTS.

With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally counted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a workingman who died in University College Hospital, London, whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkable good memory.

The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed, (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom,) and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that his hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds. Raffaelle had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Neander, the Church-historian; so also, if we recollect what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound heavier than her husband's. Keats and Shelby had very small heads. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of twenty-four inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a very large head; so had Mohammed; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out.

The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife; it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches—a largish head, but not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size.

About Shakspeare's head our only information must be from Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modeled from an original cast after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work entitled "First Impressions of England and its People," describes the head, from personal inspection, a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmer's brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying it, was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We believe it is a smallish head.

In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observation among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers and the like, and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connected a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudential, and weighty men, with smallish heads, and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental capacity.

More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of size, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the form of heads. Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting; and, in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign, although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us, it appears, that if to the two dimensions of length or depth or height, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of breadth, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings, when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view—we shall give as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant; not very different either from that propounded by the extraordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us still further. Here also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgment. We have seen "foreheads villainously low" on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignoramuses.—*The British Quarterly Review.*

From the Daily Tribune.

NATIONALITIES vs. SPIRITUALITIES.

VICE IN LONDON.

LONDON, Thursday, Nov. 15, 1855.

The paramount question for Europe at present is the question of nationalities. How far is it desirable to cherish declining nationalities? Such is the question which is knocking at the door of every thoughtful bosom. An almost universal indisposition exists toward the claims of actually lapsed nationalities—such as Italy, Hungary and Poland—and Mazzini and Kossuth appear to exert absolutely no influence beyond the handful of enthusiasts who are associated with them. The part of patriot has never been better played than by these men, as the frequent clappings of hands which they have elicited on all sides testify; but it is idle for men to talk of *being* patriots when their country is actually dead and buried. They are excellent disturbers of the existing political stagnation—these men, both of them—but as for their prospect of restoring Italy and Hungary to renewed national life, it is too childish to invite attention. Thoughtful men everywhere, in fact, are beginning to feel a deep distrust of all nationalities, as obstructing the march of human fellowship. It is becoming widely understood that it is the national spirit in politics, like the sectarian spirit in religion, which permits ambitious kings to *exploit* the people to their own bad profit; and that we shall never get rid of political and Spiritual despotism until we shall have first got rid of our own paltry narrowness, or our lusts of selfish aggrandizement. When we all feel our brotherhood to be one of race, not of nation, wicked kings will no longer have power to stir up wars and hatreds among us. What antipathy, for example, is possible between the French and the English, but a national one? What necessity, so far as the actually *human* needs of any living Russian or Frenchman or Englishman are concerned, was there for these three to become embroiled in an odious and loathsome war? Absolutely none. Observe, for example, how for distinctively human needs, both the Englishman and Russian claim this Paris as their daintiest cook-shop and larder—as the place where they have first found the commonplace satisfaction of the senses exalted into a science and an art, and consequently where they themselves have in many cases realized their only lift out of mere animal routine. Why do the Russian and the Englishman enjoy Paris and Naples so much more than St. Petersburg and London? For the same reason precisely that the youth enjoys the company of neighboring youths and maidens more than that of his own brothers and sisters: that is to say, because he thus realizes an enlargement of life, or an accession of freedom. The law of the paternal house is kindness, or the sentiment of kindred, a purely natural sentiment which antedates my reason and bends me to its allegiance by the instinct of self-preservation as it were. My kin, or my brothers and sisters are, so to speak, a part of me—they are a portion of my natural individuality—so that to offer friendship to one's brother, or love to one's sister, is felt to be an outrage to the simplicity of nature; and is, indeed, tantamount to offering love and friendship to ones self. But the law of the neighbor's house is courtesy, which is Spiritual kindness. Courtesy is the sentiment we entertain for those to whom we are Spiritually rather than naturally akin—those to whom we stand related by our own personal action, rather than by natural appointment; and its advent accordingly marks an enlargement of our social experience, and an expansion of our Spiritual freedom. My neighbor's sons and daughters are not my natural kindred; my intercourse with them dates, therefore, more from my own private taste or sympathy, and less from the accident of birth, and so far reflects the law of Spiritual life, which is freedom, rather than that of the natural life, which is necessity. Thus I easily find myself in Spiritual relation with my neighbor's boys and girls, profferring friendship without stint to the former, and love without limit to the latter.

So fares it with the larger world. The Englishman hates the Frenchman nationally, or to the extent of his political tether; but he loves him humanly, or to all the extent of the social tether, because in intercourse with the Frenchman, or other foreigner, he realizes his own best development—his own truest Spiritual enlargement. Man is created in the widest unity with his kind, of which unity these specific national diversities are only so many signs and illustrations. When once these diversities have become clearly evoked, therefore, and human unity stands ready to avouch itself eternally, the political and other machinery which has served for their evocation necessarily falls into disuse, or else becomes an actual nuisance, by hindering the fellowship it was destined to promote. All the European governments are now more or less in this predicament; they have all served their truly human purposes, and have no further legitimate business to transact on earth but to get themselves decently interred out of human sight. Yet they are themselves wholly ignorant of this obligation, and are moving heaven and earth for means to protract what too plainly appears a mere mendicant existence. When one considers the impediments which these governments place in the way of human fellowship, directly and indirectly, and furthermore the annual cost of their maintenance, the result seems incredible. The cost of civil government, including army and navy, but excluding the charges for the church and the national debt—of the five leading European States, exceeds every year $650,000,000. The civil list of England alone, her army and navy, and the interest of her debt annually eat up sixty millions of pounds sterling. Now, to the American understanding, all this amount of money very clearly belongs to the people, and it seems to me high time that they change their agents, or advertise to get their needful work done cheaper. When a private individual finds the agent whom he employs to collect and manage his revenues, growing fat and plethoric, while he, the principal, is running lean and unclad and unshod, he will of course, unless he be a born fool, dismiss his agent and resume the care of his proper business himself. One cannot believe that the various European peoples will not soon do themselves similar justice at the expense of their rulers, civil and ecclesiastical. So far as I can discover, these rulers appear to fulfill no longer any imaginable human use. They burrow in the fat, or material plenty, which ought to cover the bones of the entire people; they absorb as much as their fearful porosity allows of the popular substance and power; and whenever the people in their penury menace them with a squeeze, they set up such a cry of sacrilege and robbery that you would really think the eternal sanctities of Heaven had been imperiled. It is a stale trick, and few are deceived by it. So far as my acquaintance goes with scholars and men of thought on this side of the water, there is actually no belief either in Church or State, but only in the grand and lustrous life of man which these things foretell. Every one believes in an advancing life of man—a life which shall intimately relate him to God—but absolutely no one that I know regards the existing organization of Church and State as otherwise than directly unfriendly to its development. Not that any man of thought looks upon this diviner life as likely to be brought about by any improved civil and ecclesiastical organization merely. On the contrary, it appears to me that there is a deep-seated disbelief in all organizations which *dominate* the life, or which do not recognize an ever-living and therefore progressive spirit in man, and a consequent looking forward to a time when Church and State shall entirely disappear, as the mere fossil *institutions* which they now are, and become sublimated into the essential and indestructible life of man, being in fact identical with the Spiritual and material interests of humanity. Church and State have had no diviner functions than popularly to symbolize, and thus gradually to separate and evolve two distinct states of being for man, the first his state in relation to inward or Spiritual and invisible things, the other his state in relation to outward or material and visible things. And as these two distinct states of being for man promise to become perfectly harmonized ere long in the advent of a complete scientific society or fellowship among men, so their respective symbols are of necessity growing pale and decrepid in human regard, and the best men in either interest are learning to prize only the great and substantial reality which they have both alike unwittingly promoted. The name of Socialist is not openly professed by any but Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and others who call themselves "Christian Socialists;" but all good men are at heart burning Socialists, inasmuch as they all aspire with different degrees of light to the realization of a perfect human fellowship. The reason is obvious; because nothing short of such fellowship justifies those instincts of freedom wherewith God has charged and surcharged the human heart.

The drunkenness of London, I suspect, far transcends that of every other city. The ginshops exceed, I am told, the aggregate of all other shops of every sort. And the hideous population which they nourish can only be imagined by those who have actually seen it. Women, it seems to me, are the chief victims. One sees more drunken women, especially at night, in London, than you see elsewhere in all the earth. It is very much the fashion here to denounce the Maine Law as an interference with private rights; but I, for my part, believe in the supremacy of society—that is, in its unquestionable right to interfere in the most summary manner with every form of private indulgence which impairs the public prosperity. Another deep stain upon the London streets is the enormous number of frail and furtive women who are seeking to earn the unwomanly wages of shame. The number may not be actually so great here as it is in continental cities, where a legalized provision for them exists, but it is nevertheless deplorably great. The police, no doubt, are very efficient in restraining some of the outward inconveniences of the evil; but I cannot help feeling that there ought to be Christian chivalry enough in this huge city to take these poor, fluttering moths, whom night's candle calls forth into the streets, to its bosom and reinstate them in womanly honor—as many as desire to be reinstated—by convincing them that their misfortune far outweighs their fault—unquestionably grave as this latter may be.—The really faulty and irredeemable ones will be sure to mock at such charity; the simply unfortunate cannot be hurt by it. It is not to be forgotten that a woman of this sort once bathed Christ's feet with her tears, and dried them with the hair of her head—so profoundly penetrated had she been by that Divine Love and discernment in Him, which went past the frivolous differences of outward seeming in men, and looked only to the deep heart of need, in which they were all one. I seldom walk the streets of these large capitals at night, unmindful of that sweet contrition, or without wondering whether the gorgeous churches one encounters are apt to send up from their showy altars any worship half so fragrant and melodious.

M. J.

From an English Paper.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Shelley is not yet properly understood. His religious opinions excited a prejudice against him, and his poetry is not of a nature to acquire general or immediate popularity—and yet he was a true poet. There can be no question that he is entitled to rank with Byron and Wordsworth, as the third great poet of an age distinguished for its fertility in poetical genius. In many of the most essential qualities of a poet he was not only the first of his age, but inferior to none of any age or any country. No one was ever endowed with a more exquisite susceptibility to everything grand and beautiful in nature and in art; no one ever rendered back these impressions in verse with more magic force and truth. The voice of the mighty ocean was familiar to him; he understood the language of the eternal heavens,—the stern sublimity of the mountain solitudes, the soft and gentle influence of evening, the gladness of earth, with all its varied sights and sounds of beauty. These and the magic influences of music and love, the brightest creations of human genius, and the most beautiful aspirations of the human heart, were the elements in which he lived and had his being. He has been called the poet of poets, and with justice—for whilst others rise rarely, and at intervals, into the regions of poetical thought and feeling, he seems to know no other, and to speak the language of poetry as if it were his native tongue. Hence it is that we find in his poetry such a boundless and exhaustless wealth of beautiful imagery. * * *

Nor is it in the poetry of nature alone, that Shelley lives habitually in the region of the beautiful, he is no less at home in the poetry of the human heart. He knows little of its common everyday workings, of the secret springs of vanity, ambition, avarice, self-love, which prompt the ordinary actions of ordinary men. It is only by a painful effort, by "compulsion and laborious flight," that he can occasionally, as in some scenes of the Cenci, sink into the sphere of the dramatic, and paint men as they really are, with their vulgar hopes, and fears, and passions. Admirably as those scenes are executed, it is easy to see that he is not in his native element, and that his genius does not move with the same freedom and facility as in the rarer and loftier region of the purely poetical. His common thoughts are aspirations after the infinite, passionate longings for ideal beauty, questionings of the deep mysteries of nature, overflowings of love and sympathy, and all those deepest and most beautiful workings of our nature, which, although not less real than the common prosaic realities of life, slumber with most men under a surface of coldness and worldliness and are but rarely and at intervals called forth.

In another requisite of a great poet, Shelley is also unrivalled. No one ever possessed a more thorough mastery over language, or a finer ear for the music and modulation of verse. Nothing can surpass the ease and elegance, the exquisite harmonious flow of his versifications. His Spencerian stanzas are like strains of sweetest music. Spencer himself never surpassed the ethereal lightness, the charming unstudied ease and full rich murmuring melody of many stanzas of the "Revolt of Islam." Compare them with the rugged stanzas of "Childe Harold," which show what an effort it cost Byron to drag his deep thoughts up into the light, and clothe them in verse, and you will see at once what I mean by Shelley's musical ear and command of language. Nor is he less happy in blank verse. The address to Nature, with which his "Alastor" opens, approaches more nearly to the majestic march and sonorous harmony, as well as to the lofty and sustained strain of poetic feeling of the divine Milton, than anything with which I am acquainted in modern poetry. The greatest triumph of his heart however still remains. Even Ulysses's bow, the intractable hexameter, yields in his hands, loses its stiffness and formality, and becomes light, musical, and flexible. In the "Epipsychedion," the conclusion of which is the most beautiful passage of his poetry—the most beautiful single passage, perhaps, in the whole range of poetry—the metre quite changes its nature. So exquisitely are the pauses and modulations of the verse managed, that all traces of the monotonous sing-song, which makes all other hexameters absolutely unreadable, are quite lost, and the ear is charmed by the smooth, easy, natural flow of the melody. This unrivalled command of language furnishes him with a store of magic epithets which condense whole worlds of thought and feeling into a single word, and make the scenes of nature flash before us with the force and vividness of reality. No one images back the impressions of nature with such force and distinctness as Shelley. I constantly find in his poetry my own feelings and recollections expressed with a power and clearness with which I should have sought in vain to express them to myself.

With all these glorious faculties, Shelley is far from being a perfect poet, and his poetry has faults which will in all probability prevent it from ever becoming generally popular. I do not here allude to his religious opinions; for I cannot but hope and trust that the age of religious prudery is passing away, and that a time is coming when men will have the candor and manliness not to turn up their eyes with affected horror at the sight of honest, conscientious unbelief, while they fawn on writers who under the mask of hollow hypocritical conformity, sap the very foundations of morality.—Surely we are getting too enlightened to allow Oxford doctors of divinity to expel a young man, and fix a stigma on his name for life, because at his first entrance into the university, he is so startled by the hollowness and insincerity he sees around him—the oaths which everybody swears and no one understands—the crowd of idle, dissipated men rushing into the church from worldly motives—the compulsory chapel-going—and all other solemnized hypocrisies which are perpetrated in such places under the name and sanction of religion—as to doubt whether religion itself be not like all the rest, an empty mockery. True, Shelley was no Christian, and he made no secret of his unbelief. Fearless in everything, authority and persecution only made him speak out with a chivalrous and almost quixotic boldness in the cause of what he believed to be truth. But however rash and ill-judged we may deem his speculative opinions, no one can read a page of his writing with common candor, without seeing that there never lived a more ardent worshiper of everything that is good and beautiful. Nay more, I venture to say that, Infidel as he is, those who can look below the outward form and surface, will find more of the real and genuine spirit of Christianity in his poems than in the poetry of half those who are admired as moral and religious writers. What was ever conceived more truly in the spirit of Christ's doctrine than the passage in which he makes Prometheus, in order to render himself worthy of the happiness destined for him, rise superior to revenge, and recall the curse which in the first moments of his agony he had uttered against his enemy, Jupiter, because "taught by suffering," he wishes "no living thing to suffer pain?" What more thoroughly Christian than the lines in the exquisite dedication of the "Revolt of Islam" to Mrs. Shelley, in which he says, in allusion to himself, that

> "Suffering brought the knowledge and the power,
> Which said, *Let scorn be not repaid with scorn?*"

I mention these as a few out of many instances to enable you to judge of the candor and fairness of an age which worshiped Byron and proscribed Shelley. But truth and genius will remain long after the narrow prejudice of an age of cant and moral cowardice have passed away.

* * * * For my own part, I love Shelley as a man even more than as a poet. His character is like his poetry—the very essence of all that is beautiful, refined, generous, honorable, and disinterested; and is perhaps only more attractive for the qualities which make it less perfect, his total want of caution and worldly wisdom, and chivalrous eagerness to defy the opinion of society in the cause of oppressed truth. Byron, who was not very much given to speaking good of any one, least of all of his friends, says of Shelley, "He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau ideal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal to the very letter."—All accounts confirm it. No one ever knew him without loving him. Many love him who never knew him—many who knew him only as I do, from his works, feel for him as for a familiar friend, and grieve over the sad story of his untimely end. Peace be with him—may his ashes rest lightly under the green sod beside the old grey wall!

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

When Queen Ulrick, of Sweden, was on her deathbed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, Countess Steenbock, between whom and the Queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by a most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock, at the same moment, lay dangerously ill at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying Queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrick had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace brilliantly illuminated with wax candles.

A detachment of Royal Life Guards were stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch.—During the afternoon, the outside door of the ante-chamber opened, and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines and presented arms as a mark of respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributed her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the corpse and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion.

The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the Countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her. The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officer present then hastened into the room, and they all beheld the Queen standing upright in her coffin, and tenderly embracing the Countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Presently the apparition seemed to wave and resolve itself into dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the Queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state: but the Countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was despatched to Stockholm, with an acconnt of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the Countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the Queen. An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.—*German Paper.*

JOHN WESLEY ON SPIRITS.

"May they not also minister to us with respect to our bodies in a thousand ways which we do not understand? They may prevent our falling into many dangers which we are not sensible of, and may deliver us out of many others, though we know not whence our deliverance comes. How many times have we been strangely and unaccountably preserved in sudden and dangerous falls? And it is well if we did not impute that preservation to chance, or to our own wisdom or strength. Not so: God, perhaps, gave his angels charge over us, and in their hands they bore us up. Indeed, men of the world will always impute such deliverances to accidents or second causes. To these possibly some of them might have imputed Daniel's preservation in the lion's den. But himself ascribes to the true cause: "My God hath sent his angel, and shut the mouths of the lions."—*Dan.* vi., 22.

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And, perhaps, it is owing to the same cause that a remedy is unaccountably suggested, either to the sick person or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured.

It seems, what are usually called divine dreams, may be frequently ascribed to angels. We have a remarkable instance of this kind related by one who will hardly be called an enthusiast, for he was a heathen, a philosopher, and an emperor: I mean Marcus Antoninus. "In his meditations, he solemnly thanks God for revealing to him when he was at Cejeta, in a dream, what totally cured the bloody flux, which none of his physicians could heal." And why may we not suppose that God gave him this notice by the ministry of an angel?

And how often does God deliver us from evil men by the ministry of his angels? overturning whatever their rage or malice, or subtilty had plotted against us? These are about their bed, and about their path, and privy to all their dark designs; and many of them undoubtedly they brought to naught by means of that we think not of. Sometimes they are just ripe for execution; and this they can do by a thousand means that we are not aware of. They can check them in their mad career by bereaving them of their courage or strength; by striking faint through their loins, or turning their wisdom into foolishness. Sometimes they bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and show us the traps that are laid for our feet. In these and various other ways they hew the snares of the ungodly in pieces."

QUERY: Do the Methodists of our day believe with Father John? If so, will they let us know, that we may publish it to the world? Also, send us in some facts and phenomena of these latter days, on which their faith is grounded, after the example of the supposed founder of Methodism.—*Truth Seeker.*

WITHOUT RELIGION.

A man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate—the foot ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and the wondrous eternity that is within him. But a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat; a flower without perfume.

A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors with weak shifting ground tackle to his business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call faith, is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of responsibility or motive, but can find no basis on any other system of right action than that of Spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to thoughtlessness in such poor harborage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him but, a *woman*—where can she put her hope, while passing through storms, trials and tribulations, if not in heaven?

And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that endearing hope, mellowing every scene of life, lightening them with the pleasant radiance—when the world's cold storms break like an army with cannon, who can bestow it all but a holy soul-tie to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who, that has enjoyed the love of a God-loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?

The worldly being has no points where divine grace can reach him! Take away the object of his ambition, and he is soured; add to it and he becomes intoxicated. Send him sickness, and he only writhes like the wounded snake. But the unsealing of the human heart, by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the foundation of that love, direct to heaven. The bereaved soul looks its Heavenly Parent in the face all the more clearly because of its chastisement. Sacred indeed, then, is that hearth-fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguishment serves to open the vision to the eternal glory and reward of heaven!—*Ik Marvel.*

"WHO AND WHAT IS THE NEW MAN?"

Regeneration implies three things: first, a cleansing away of all hereditary corruption; secondly, a restoration of the natural powers and affections to their appropriate service, or changing their inclination from self and making them incline to God; thirdly, receiving the divine life through those capacities that open towards God, and towards his angels. It is obvious, however, that the divine work is accomplished in an order exactly the reverse of the one now stated. For the first ground of our regeneration is the Spiritual nature, the immanence of the Divine Spirit in the human soul.—Its commencing dawn is the coming on of that light that visits our infant being, until God shines within like another sun, diffusing warmth and radiance through our whole nature, and drawing us towards himself in the bonds of an all-attractive love. Then God becomes the prevailing force within us, and he bends our natural powers towards himself, and draws them all into his service. Appetite, affection, intellect, active powers, all yield to him and serve him. The end of animal appetite is not animal pleasure, but manly development; the end of parental instinct is not its own indulgence, but the highest good of offspring; intellect serves God and not self, and genius no longer sings war-songs and bacchanals, but is the prophet of God's hidden truth, and lifts its hymn to his praise. The possessory instinct is guided to new ends, and property is acquired and held, not for self-aggrandizement, but for beneficent activity and useful living. All the instrumentalities of earth are converted into a means for the highest culture, and the highest culture is a solemn preparation to serve God and humanity. So the whole object of life is changed; and the natural powers, whose balance incline towards the selfish nature, have that balance reversed and all the faculties bend towards God. Lastly, all hereditary evil is expelled,—that gang of lusts and passions, and the brood of lies which they engender, which require to be killed, since they cannot be converted; to be scourged out of the temple, since they cannot be made fit for its service. They are the native savages that must not be spared, but exterminated, when God's chosen ones come in to take possession. They are what Paul calls the "old man with its lusts," which is to be "put off," or which is to be "crucified" and "buried." These are opposed to the Divine nature; and as God comes within us with growing effulgence and power, they are driven out before him,—not without man's effort and co-operation. It is the denial of these evil tempers and instincts, that causes the struggle in his nature, and costs him painful vigils and conflicts, as if his soul were the battle-ground between the hosts of heaven and the hosts of hell. But victory succeeds to victory, and when the last foe is slain, he walks in the strength and peace of God, free and joyous as the angels.—*Sears on Regeneration.*

GOOD EVERYWHERE.

The following, from Dickens, contains much truth: "Believe me, Eusebius, (to be classical and genteel,) that many more good things exist in this world than are dreamt of in any philosophy—from that of the most rose-colored optimist to that of the sourest cynic. Don't put any faith in yonder ragged, morose, shameful old man, who, because he lives in a tub instead of decent lodgings, and neglects, through sulky laziness, to trim his hair and beard, and wear clean body linen, calls himself Diogenes and a philosopher, forsooth. If the old cynic would only take the trouble to clean the horn sides of his lantern, and trim the wick of the candle within it, he would find it not quite so difficult to find an honest man. That all is vanity here below I am perfectly ready to admit; but have no confidence in the philosophy which, with its parrot-prate of the Prince of wisdom's apothegm—vanity—turns up its nose at or pretends to ignore, the existence of the hidden good. Believe me, good is everywhere. Poor, naked, hungry, sick, wronged as we may be through long years, snug incomes, well-cut coats, good dinners, sound health, justice and fame will come, must come at last, if we will only wait, and hope, and work. All have not an equal share, and some men, by a continuous infelicity, which the most submissive are tempted to regard as an adverse and remorseless fate, fall down weary, and die upon the very threshold of mundane reward; but let any average man—the medium between Meserrimus and Felicissimus—look retrospectively into himself, and consider how many good things have happened to him unexpectedly, unasked-for, undeserved; how many happinesses of love, friendship, sight, feeling, have come upon him unawares; have "turned up," so to say, familiarly. A great Italian poet has said that there is no greater sorrow than the remembrance in misfortune of the happy time. It can be scarcely so. It is balm rather than anguish for a man when fortune has thrown the shade of a cypress over him, to recall the dear friends, the joyous meetings, the good books, the leafy days of old; for with the remembrance comes hope that these good things (present circumstances looking ever so black) will return again. It is only when we know we have spurned, misused, wasted the jewelled days in the year's rosary, that remembrance becomes sorrow; for Remembrance then is associated with Monsieur Remorse; and we wish—ah, how vainly! ah, how bitterly!—*that those* days had never been, or that they might be again, and we use them better."

FACTS AND FANCIES IN THE GREEK CHURCH.

Says an English traveler: "Though the Greek Church is not quite so prolific in miracles as the Popish, yet the priests sometimes profess to perform them. They believe they have in their possession part of the Virgin's girdle, which they keep as a protection against the plague; and also that the head of John the Baptist is in the monastery of St. Dionysius; yet, ludicrously enough, the Romanists say that they have his head in the cathedral of Genoa. The Russians, as I have said, being of the Greek religion, partake of the same superstitions. On the very day on which I write this paragraph, I saw in a newspaper that a priest had called his congregation together, and after showing them the comet which has this summer (1853) been visible all over Europe, said that 'this was the same star that had appeared to the wise men at the birth of our Saviour, and that it was only visible now in the Russian empire. Its appearance on this occasion was to intimate to the Russian eagle that the time was now come for it to spread out its wings and embrace all mankind in one orthodox, soul-sanctifying church. He showed them that the star was now standing immediately over Constantinople, and explained that the dull light of the nucleus indicated its sorrow at the delays of the Russian army in proceeding to its destination.' This, of course, was urging them on to war with Turkey. The Greek priests in Russia once wanted money for a new church. They reported that the Virgin Mary had several times appeared to them, and told them they must search for a picture of herself, which was deposited in a particular spot. After some time this was done, and a picture found, which had, of course, been previously put there by the priests. Instructions were then given that a church should be built in which the picture might be placed. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds; money flowed in, and the church was built. Even pirates, before going to sea to plunder ships, promised to devote a 'portion of their expected spoil to the object.' In the cathedral of Novogorod, there is a painting of the Virgin, with three hands. The following is its legendary history: An artist was painting it, and had nearly completed it, with only two hands, as usual, when he found one morning that a third hand was on the canvas. Thinking some one had played him a trick during the night, he rubbed it out, and then finished the picture. Making the door secure, he went home. The next morning, however, the third hand was in again. Again he rubbed it out, and then doubly fastened the door and barricaded the window. Still, on his return the following day, the hand was in again, though he found the door and window in the same state as he left them. He was now seriously alarmed, and began to cross himself, when the Virgin herself appeared and told him it was her will that the hand should be there! This picture is highly adored."—*Sunday Dispatch.*